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ALL IN ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

More than we have been, my brother,
We seem to be one another,
In our dark estate—
We are poor, and very lonely—
Love, and one another only,
We must wait and wait.

All the green and dewy splendor—
All the tenderness, sweet and tender,
From the fields are gone—
In the woodland, in the morning—
At the sunrise, at the plowing—
We meet work and wait.

They are gone that made the brightness—
Gone, who gave our hearts their lightness,
And a little rift shall hut.
We no more may see for them
Forward to the world's high pinnacle—
Our daylight's over past.

We must plant heart about them—
We must learn to live without them—
In our dark estate,
And most heartbreak be, my brother,
All in all to one another
While we work and wait.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILSE," "VIDE SALEM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

Some indeed, have said that sweeping
Of the ocean's waters deep,
Silly through the relative plunging,
They a ghastly mail have seen,
And the sea-lion's shining scales,
And her wonder-beasts she sweeps;
Then to numerous white sea-wrapped,
For the young ones on the green.
R. P. Lee.

About three miles west of Allworth Abbey, upon a commanding height near the sea-coast, stood the *Anchorage*, the seat of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton. The park extended to the sea, and the western wall rose directly from the edge of the cliff, which formed a natural boundary to that extensive domain.

Immediately under this cliff nestled the little fishing village of Abbeyport, with its single street of cottages facing the sea, its small fleet of fishing-smacks drawn up to the shore, and its two humble taverns, called the Ship and Anchor, kept by Mr. Tom Town, a retired boatswain, and patronized liberally by the kitchen cabinet of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton.

The Anchorage was a large, square, gray edifice, three stories high, with two great halls crossing each other at right angles, and dividing each floor into four separate suites of apartments.

The numerous windows of the mansion commanded from all points the most magnificent prospect perhaps to be found in the three kingdoms.

The front windows fairing the west looked over the grand slope of hills towards the edge of the cliff, and down upon the picturesque village at its foot and out upon the boundless ocean.

The back, or east windows, looked inland down into the deep valley and thick woods in which was hidden the old Abbey and the dark pool which lay before it.

The north windows looked out upon a rolling country of sterile heaths, dotted here and there with an oasis in the form of a farm or a hamlet.

And lastly, the south windows looked down over a smiling landscape of wooded hills surrounding a green valley, in the midst of which lay a lovely lake, upon whose farthest bank stood the elegant villa of Edenhurn, the seat of the Honorable Mr. Riverlea.

Admiral Sir Ira Brunton, the proprietor of the Anchorage, was originally a man of the people by birth, training, and inclination, he had risen from the humblest post in the navy to his present high position.

He shared, however, that too common weakness of self-made men—an exaggerated respect for hereditary rank.

At the mature age of forty, when he had attained the rank of post-captain, and was flushed with his recent success, he attempted to marry into the peerage by proposing for the hand of the eldest but downtrodden daughter of an earl.

But failing in this enterprise, he wedded the only child and heiress of a wealthy city banker, who brought him as her portion a half million of pounds sterling, the beauty of a Venus, and the temper of a Xantippe.

With a part of the money he bought the magnificent estate of the Anchorage, and with the rest he lived a sumptuous life of twelve years, at the end of which she stormed herself to pieces, leaving him as a legacy one fair daughter, ten years of age, named after the goddess of love, Eleanora.

Admiral Sir Ira—then Captain Brunton—did not again venture on the dangerous sea of matrimony, but brought home his fair motherless child to take charge of the young lady, and engaged a French governess to superintend her education. But a simple-minded, old-fashioned dame, and an unpolished French schoolmistress were not exactly the best guides for a self-willed girl.

And so it happened that when Miss Anna Eleanora was about fifteen years of age, while her father was at sea, and lavished with her grandmother and governess at Brighton, the accidentally formed the acquaintance of a young lieutenant of Hussars, whose regiment was stationed at the neighboring barracks. With the connivance of the French governess, who was bought over for the purpose, the young officer frequently met the little heiress, with whom he finally eloped to Gretna Green, where they were married.

It instead of that romantic love which had misled both the young creatures, fortune had been the object of the lieutenant, he must have been woefully disappointed, for when the captain returned from the coast of Africa, and heard of the runaway marriage, he discarded his daughter and son-in-law, and forbade the names of either ever to be mentioned in his presence.

As the commands of Captain Brunton were as absolute as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the name of his only child and her young husband were never mentioned in the Anchorage history, and thus their offenses, and even their very existences, became an old and forgotten story.

The captain rose from post to post in the navy, until, finally, at the honored age of seventy-five, he retired from active service with the well-earned rank of an admiral and the well-merited title of a baronet.

His household at this late period of his life was a very remarkable illustration of family longevity.

It consisted of his grandmother, a hale old dame of one hundred and eight years; his mother, a healthy old woman of ninety-two; himself, a hearty veteran of seventy-five; and his grandson-heir and adopted child, Midshipman Valerius Brightwell, a young gentleman of nineteen.

The antique grandmother of this strong family was commonly called "old admiral," "the old madam," or "old Mrs. Sutton." The ancient mother was termed "young madam," "the young madam," or, "young Mrs. Brunton." The veteran admiral was denominated by his venerable ancestress "that thoughtless boy," and by his household, "the young master." And the midshipman was called by the old ladies, "the naughty baby," by the admiral, "the lad," and by the servants, "little Master Valy."

At the venerable age of seventy-five, this emaciated form, a withered face, and a gray head, the veteran did not even suspect that his constant ailing all the few hours that he was really on good ones, who had already exceeded the average duration of a human life.

The truth was that the existence and the vigorous health of the two ancient ladies, his mother and his grandmother, kept the admiral in his prime. How could any man feel old, while his mother and his grandmother still lived in a green old age—while they still thought of him and spoke of him as a gay young man, who had not yet sowed all his wild oats, but who required the constant supervision and guidance of his elders to keep him out of temptation and danger?

And then, whilst the whole family honestly united in keeping up this delusion, could the admiral, in his simplicity, see clearly in it?

Among the domestic servants of the Anchorage two persons enjoyed a peculiar degree of Her Majesty's Service, now in that of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton, to whom he filled the position of confidential attendant, and Mistress Barbara Brookiden, the housekeeper.

Twenty-six tall, thin, pink-faced, and grey-haired in person, and narrow, prejudiced, and authoritative in mind.

Mrs. Brookiden was short, fat, rosy, and fair-haired in person; and liberal, merciful, and yielding in disposition. As might be expected, there was a strong resemblance of antagonism between these two opposite natures that led to a continual quarreling, which was by no means suppressed after the death of the admiral and his mother and grandmother; but at the elopes and their descendant had fallen into "a confirmed habit of quarreling," which the two old ladies, who had come out into the hall to do honor to their guest. They were two portly old gentlewomen, tall, thin, fair-faced, and grey-haired like their descendant, the admiral. They were both dressed similarly in black satin gowns with white muslin neckerchiefs, and white lace caps; and looked very much alike, except that the elder had more flesh and less hair than the younger. They stood smiling and courtesying with pleasing, old-fashioned affability.

"Madame Pezzilini," said the admiral, with formal courtesy, "will your highness permit me to present to you my grandmother, Mrs. Sutton, and my mother, Mrs. Brunton, who both feel highly honored to receive you?"

"That we do," said the elder.

"Yes, I'm sure," added the other.

THE PRINCESS'S INTRODUCTION AT THE ANCHORAGE.

"Ladies, kind friends," said the Hellan, "you see before you no princess, but a poor widow, a stranger and a fugitive, who seeks only a temporary asylum under your hospitable roof."

"You are kindly welcome, Madame, either as one or the other," said Mrs. Sutton, heartily, offering her hand.

"Ah, that looked you ere!" chimed in Mrs. Brunton, extending hers.

The princess received and pressed these venerable hands, and was about to express her thanks, when a brief glare of lightning, accompanied by a deafening roll of thunder, and a shock of wind and rain that seemed to shake the house, made them spring apart. The effect of the brand of the tempest was felt within the more forces from the fact that all the windowshutters were still open.

"Good gracious, Jyr!" said the eldest lady, as soon as she had recovered from the shock; "surely you'll have the shutters closed on such an awful night as this!"

"No, madam, not this night of all nights in the year. The heavier the storm the greater the need of a benevolight to guide my wayfaring traveller to the haven," said the admiral, decidedly.

Then turning to the princess, he added:

"Madame, I have a custom of which I hope you will not disapprove; it is to leave my windows without open every night up to the latest hour of retiring, so that the lights may shine far out over the downs, to guide any weary and benighted traveller to one house, at least, where he is sure to find welcome and succor. And especially on tempestuous nights, I light up the whole house from top to bottom, to invite any poor, shipwrecked mariner to its shelter. I hope you approve of the custom?"

"I think it a grand and beautiful instance of benevolence!" said the princess in a fervent tone.

"I am rewarded," replied the admiral, "that is, if I had deserved reward; but the fact is, that in doing this, I only pay a debt. Providence having guided me through a very stormy existence into this safe port at last, the least I can do is to open the harbor freely to all other tempest-tost barques. That is the reason I call it the Anchorage; for any storm-driven craft is free to enter and drop anchor here."

"It is nobly said—" began the princess; but the words were interrupted by another burst of the tempest that rattled all the windows, and seemed to shake the firm building to its foundation.

"Ivy, I must say that you are clean mad! Every pane of glass in the house will be shattered, and cost no end of money to replace, besides the inconvenience!" cried Mrs. Sutton, as the storm-gust had ceased for a moment, and was less shaking.

"My dear, grandmother; there old windows have stood harder storms than this," replied the admiral.

Then turning to the princess, he said, in a low tone:

Madame Pezzilini, my grandmother and mother are old-fashioned dames, that so I hope that you will make allowances for their ways."

"I see nothing in the old lady's conduct this disparaging apology, and she was prompt to reply:

"Don't you mind that boy, madame; like all young people, he thinks himself wiser than his elders; but time will teach him better, and show him that old-fashioned ways are the best ways after all."

The princess opened her large blue eyes in astonishment at hearing this grey-haired veteran spoken of as an inexperienced youth, but remembering that it was his grandmother who spoke thus, she merely bowed and smiled in reply—the bow and smile being, in this case, a noncommittal answer.

"And now, my dear grandmother, old fashion and new fashions both agree in suggesting that Madame Pezzilini be shown to her apartment before tea," said the admiral.

"Certainly, certainly! I beg your pardon, madame, but the thunder and the lightning and the wind do so confound my poor head. Oh!" she exclaimed, as another burst of the tempest shook the house.

When the deafening noise subsided, the old lady turned, and said:

"Come here, Brookiden, and show this lady and her maid to the suite of rooms on the second floor front, right side. And when you have made her comfortable, show her into the drawing-room to the tea-table—for Lord have mercy upon us!"

This latter exclamation was called forth by a terrible glare of lightning that filled the whole house like a conflagration, accompanied by a rolling, crashing, sounding peal of thunder, and a rushing shock of wind that seemed about to batter down the walls over their heads. It was some minutes before this furious blast subsided.

And then Mrs. Brookiden, who had been waiting behind her old mistress, came forward, courtesied, and led the way up the grand staircase to the splendid suite of apartments that had been fitted up for the reception of the illustrious Italian.

Joseph at the same moment advanced from some obscure recess where he had been lurking, took possession of his master, and marshaled him off to his chamber to change his wet vilgrass for a dry evening dress.

And the two old ladies retreated to the drawing-room to await the return of the admiral and his guest.

When they were seated side by side in their comfortable arm-chairs on the right of the fireplace:

"What do you think of her, Abby, my dear?" said the antique lady to the ancient one.

"I think she is a very charming woman, and I pity her misfortunes."

"And so do I. But see here, Abby, my dear, you must really walk after that boy of yours, or he will be making love to this Italian lady."

"Yes, mother, I see that."

"And you know, Abby, that you would not like to see him marry a foreigner."

"No, mother."

"So, though we must be as kind as possible to this unfortunate princess, whose story reminds me of all the fairy tales I ever read in my life, and whose manners are those of a queen, see that he does not make a fool of himself, Abby."

"Certainly, mother—Lord bless our souls!" she broke off, as their conversation was again interrupted by another rapid cannonade of the tempest that commanded the walls as if it did not mean to leave one stone upon another.

This fire and fusillade continued in silence of deep awe for nearly an hour, until the fortress of the tempest found their ammunition very rare. Then Mrs. Sutton spoke:

"I do not know how anybody can have the spirits to drink tea on such a night as this, but suppose it will be wasted all the same; for Ivy never cares aside from his way for any storm that ever falls, and so for the princess, she looks like just such another. So, Abby, child, you may ring for the tea."

Mrs. Brunton, who sat nearest the chimney-corner bell-pull, complied, and the tea-service was soon placed on and arranged upon a table.

And soon after they were joined by the admiral, who, despite the storm that raved along the sky, had made a very careful evening toilet, and by his nephew, Midshipman Valerius Brightwell, a fine, tall, dark-haired young man, who, when not on active service, was at home in the Anchorage.

These had scarcely taken their seats when the door opened, and the Princess Pezzilini entered, in fashionable full dress, with all the gems contained in the rich black velvet dress that was her usual evening wear.

Why was immediately made for her, the young midshipman was presented in due form, and the whole party sat down to tea.

The storm had spent its fury, and now only revived at intervals in inoffensive blasts of wind, faint flashes of lightning, and low mutterings of thunder.

And the conversation at the tea-table became sociable, even upon a gloomy subject.

They talked of the tragedy at Allworth Abbey, and of the mystery of Rotten.

Opinion was divided upon the subject of the second Lord Allworth's disappearance.

The two old ladies and the admiral agreed in pronouncing it a most wicked affair, but he be too convicting to admit a doubt upon the subject.

The young midshipman, who had seen Miss Rotten in the second dance at church, and judging as a young man will by the face, declared his absolute faith in her innocence in spite of all the testimony that might be brought against her.

The princess Pezzilini took a judicial position between the controversialists, affirming that the whole affair seemed to her a horrible mystery, to which she could find no clue.

She will keep the drawing-room circle amused during this question, and look into the housekeeper's room upon another party, with whom we have a little business.

CHAPTER XIII.

Through the latticed window peeping,
Thus the moon-beam cold and pale,
Through the sunbeam's glare,
Through the dusky twilight shadows,
Through the midnight's deepest gloom,
Shuddering on the dark arrows, beaming,
Tears—the victim's bitter tears.
R. P. Lee.

It was a medium-sized, comfortable apartment, well-carpeted and well-furnished, with the back windows looking out upon the shrubberies in the rear of the mansion.

A well-spread supper-table stood in the middle of the floor, and around it were gathered Mrs. Broadsides, Mr. Joseph Miss Tabs, and Mr. Antonio, who were the housekeeper's guests for the evening. Their conversation, like that of their superiors, had turned upon the late tragic events at Allworth.

Here, also opinion was divided upon the subject of the supposed criminals—Mrs. Broadsides, Joseph, and Mr. Antonio loudly declaring their

belief in the guilt of Eudora, and Miss Tabs stoutly asserting her faith in her innocence.

But through the whole of this conversation, it was observed that at intervals Mrs. Brodie rider, who sat at the head of the table opposite the window, would often start, stare, and then lean herself, exile Jessup, who sat at the foot, would twist his head over his shoulder as though he saw a spectre behind him.

Policeman deterred Miss Tabs and Mr. Antonio from taking any notice of these strange manifestations.

At length Jessup, after giving his own neck a most dangerous wring, and getting no satisfaction for his pains, spoke out, saying:

"Mrs. Brodie, I would be obliged to you, ma'am, if you would tell me what it is that you see out of that window, that you keep staring at? I am see anything but black darkness."

"Jessup, don't ask me! that's a good soul! it's nothing earthly as I am," answered the woman, in a hushed tone of awe.

"What is it, then? I insist upon knowing."

"Don't, Jessup! it's nothing earthly, I tell you, and I don't like to speak of it. I send him my soul, there is it again!" exclaimed the woman, in suppressed tone of horror.

"What? where? I see nothing!" said Mr. Jessup, wringing around his head until his ears nearly betwixt his shoulders.

"It's husband!" whispered the housekeeper, without withdrawing her gaze from the window, while Mr. Antonio and Miss Tabs, with an exclamation, and Mr. Jessup regarded her with incredulous indignation, saying, at length:

"Can't you tell what you saw, then, if you saw anything but if your own imagination?"

"Twas no 'nagination of mine, Jerry Jessup; if you must and will know what I saw, I'll tell. Since I have been sitting here at this table, I have seen a very, ghostly female figure fix past that window three times!"

Every one glanced shudderingly at the window except Jessup, who contemptuously exclaimed:

"It was only your own fancy, Mrs. Brodsides!"

The housekeeper shook her head ominously.

"It's all along o' leaving the shutters open. It's awful ghostly to have the night look in and up through the glass. I always imagine that I see something at such times, and that's why I've close the shutters!" suggested Miss Tabs.

"Because of a whim of master's to keep all the windows open till bed-time, most especially on stormy nights, when I and the servants have come to guide the belated traveler to the shelter of the roof. Lord bless the wind and rain and snow his grays, so kind to all the world, as cruel to his own dear sister," wiped Mrs. Brodie.

"His daughter?" echoed Mr. Antonio.

"Yes, his driver, my young missus, as run off with a young lieutenant in the marching regiment, and married him all for love. She were 'long of his own relations, and my late dear died of the fever in the Crimea, or been mourned in India, for aught we've heard of her since her marriage; for it's as much as any one's life's worth to mention her name in master's presence."

"And he is so hard all three years that he won't make friends with her?"

"Make friends with her? You don't know him. He won't even hear her name! Don't, Jerry Jessup.

"What's his wife's wally-de-sham. I'd ding it into his ears morning, noon and night. I'd bring it up with his hot water and his cold water with his slippers, and put it on with his night cap every day of his life," said Miss Tabs, violently.

"No you wouldn't, for the very first time you tried it, you'd get pitched out of the window or down the stairs, and have your neck broken. Heaven save us, there it is again!" cried the woman, breaking off in terror.

All looked towards the window. Jessup wrung his neck around nearly to the point of dislocation, exclaiming:

"Where now? I tell you there's nothing there. It's all your own fancy, Mrs. Brodsides, ma'am, you want a dose of sensibility."

"It's gone again!" whispered the woman.

"It never was!" snapped Mr. Jessup, impudently.

"Yes, it was. And I know what it was. It was a Madame come to warn me of some new trouble, or my master's, or my old missioness."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"It isn't stuff, and it isn't nonsense. It is a Banshee, if ever one appeared to mortal eyes!"

"Yes, if ever one appeared," sneered Mr. Jessup.

"But I have heard of the Banshee, myself," said Miss Tabs, coming to the assistance of the housekeeper.

"To be sure you have, my dear. Who in this country-side has not heard of the Banshee that appeared to the Honorable Mrs. Riverton, of Edenhaven? How Mr. Riverton was on the Continent, where he had been a many months, and Mrs. Riverton was at Edenhaven, sitting up late at night, reading in her dressing-room. The night was fine, and the window was open and drawn, when all of a sudden she heard a low, mourning, unearthly voice outside the window, and looking up, she saw a female figure in flowing white robes float past the window! For if it were swimming in the air, and heard it wail forth the words—*Hello Eleanor*, in a voice that it is dismpe-ord. Well, the lady got up and made a send for the men and the horses; and sure enough, a fortnight after that, she heard of the death of her husband at St. Petersburg, and he died the very day and hour in which she had seen the Banshee! There! what do you make of that?" inquired the housekeeper, triumphantly.

"Why, as the Honorable Mrs. Riverton was just as hysterical as you be," said Mr. Jessup, doggedly.

But then her husband actually died at St. Petersburg the very day and hour that the Banshee appeared to her at Edenhaven. How do you account for that?"

"Just happened so, that's all."

"You're as unbelieving as Thomas—Oh, Lord have mercy upon us! Look there; there it is again and no Sunshine under, but the spirit of my young mistress, with her very face and form, only looking as if she had just come from the grave. Look, look, oh!" cried the woman, covering her face with her hands, and shaking with terror.

Again all looked fearfully towards the window.

Jessup wrung his neck nearly in two in the effort to look behind his own back, and the convulsion perseverance was rewarded. Pressed against the outside of the window, just all was a fair, was young face, that sank out of sight the instant that it was detected.

"That's neither a Banshee nor a spirit; it's a mortal girl!" exclaimed Jessup, springing up, overturning his chair, and rushing out of the room.

The remainder of the party held their breaths in suspense until Jessup pushed open the door and reappeared, dragging after him the pale, weary, bedraggled, dripping wet figure of a young girl, whom he pulled up before the astonished housekeeper, saying, mockingly:

"There—there's your Banshee! A girl as has been caught out in the storm, and was frightened at ringing the door-bell at such a great house as this!"

"You very fiend, the very fiend! I never, no, I never did see such a diabolical, fiendish, cruel image of my young missus, only thinner, and paler, and sandier. Come to the fire, my lass. What is your name, and how come you out in the storm? Is you one of the gang of village girls?" inquired the housekeeper, drawing the chilled stranger to the bright blaze and fire that the dampness of the evening made very comfortable even at this season.

Then seeing in the glare of the light that the girl was a mere lass, she exclaimed:

"Oh, deary me; you haven't a dry thread on you! You have been out in the storm a long time; come into my chamber and get a suit of dry clothes on you, and then you shall have some hot supper before you answer any of my questions."

And taking the young stranger by the hand, the good housekeeper conducted her out into the young country.

They were gone about fifteen minutes, at the end of which Mrs. Brodsides returned, leading her *protégée*, who was now comfortably clad in a black silk dress, that looked as if it had been made for her.

"Dear me, how well that fits," said Miss Tabs.

"Yes, it was my young missus's. She left the most of her children here, poor child, when also was away, and I have taken very good care ever since. And now, if you want to know what my darling's name is, you shall ask the young girl; for there never was two peas so much alike as my Miss Alwyn Eleanor, and this young gal, only that this one looks like the ghost of my dearest, and she is plump, fit to down at the corner of the table here by the fire, and have some of the cold meat pasty while we make you a glass of warm port-wine negus; and you may tell Jessup you are to have supper with us, and not have done supper," said the good housekeeper, settling her *protégée* in the most comfortable seat.

Another fifteen minutes sufficed to satisfy the appetite of the stranger, who was therefore required to gratify the curiosity of her entertainers.

"And now, my lassekin we all about yourself. You are not out, this cold night, for pleasure," said Mrs. Brooddides, when they had gathered around the fire.

"No, ma'am. I come from London this morning by the train. I am destitute, and I'm off to walk."

"But where were you going, my child, when you were caught in the storm?"

"To Ashworth Abbey, ma'am."

"To Ashworth Abbey!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooddides and Miss Tabs, in a breath.

"Yes," said the girl, looking up with surprise at the women, to which they had responded in consultation.

But this was too time to explain by introducing the tragedy of Ailworth Abbey. The curious women were for ever more eager to hear than they were to speak, and therefore inquired:

"And whatever could have been taking you to Ailworth Abbey in the storm, and on the road, my poor dear?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you as you are so good to me. I am an orphan; my mother died when I was born, and my father died about only a few days ago in his lodgings in London, leaving me quite destitute. And then my father talked of reading me to the union, or binding me apprentice to a mistress, and I couldn't bear the thoughts of either, so I ran away, travelling by rail as long as my money lasted, and then setting out to walk."

"But why to Ailworth Abbey?"

"Because my poor mother had a foster-sister living at service there, who, I thought, might be kind to me."

What—what was her name?" inquired Miss Tabs.

"Tabitha Tabs. I remember it well."

"Tabitha Tabs, indeed! when my mother never had but one nurse-child, and that was Miss Anne Eleanor Riverton, now Mrs. Brandon, Mrs. Brooddides, con—con—con is be as this is her darling!" exclaimed Miss Tabs, excitedly.

"What is, ma'am, young girl?" exclaimed the housekeeper, in an agitated manner, rising to the arm and gazing eagerly into the face of the stranger.

"Ainslie Wilder—Oh! but I can't question my self so rudely; you shall know me, dearest, dearest girl, shrinking from such a very pressing proof of regard.

"Ainslie Wilder! Ainslie was the pet name we used to call my darling by, being the short for Anne Ainslie, and my darling's own name of the young fellow as called with her. And you as like her as one pea-cod to another, and as sure as fate you are my poor darling's child. You are her child, Ainslie Wilder! oh!" cried the housekeeper, catching the girl to her bosom, and sobbing and weeping over her.

"And as my darling is dead! Died when you were an infant, Ainslie, and left you to my hand, your father, did he ever forget her who gave you upon her death-bed to the care of another woman in her place?" cried she reproachfully, releasing the young girl, and sobbing on.

"Never; he devoted himself to her memory —he mourned her as long as he lived."

"Then he is dead, too! And you were left so destitute?"

"Oh, my father was unfortunate—he was obliged to sell out—and he became more and more unfortunate until he died—in destitution —and—and—oh, my heart is full of grief, and hysterically and hurriedly into tears.

"Then you came to Ailworth Abbey, your fortunate! means a great deal, whether it is applied to me or to you, Ainslie Wilder, for I am my more, my dear. Better fortune is in store for you, for I know the family Ailworth well—I visit the offices of the parents upon the child. There, don't cry any more, my dear, for now you are here," said the woman, wiping the tears from her own eyes, and those of her young foster-child.

But tell me who you are who take so kind an interest in my mother and myself, and what are you like in this to make so much at home?" said Ainslie.

"Who am I, and what place is this? Why, my dear, is it possible that you do not know where you are?"

"Not here than the dead."

"Did ever anyone hear the like! And how did you suppose you came here, then?"

"As I told you before, I was trying to find Ailworth Abbey when I was overtaken by night and the storm, and while I was wandering about like a lost child, I saw the lights of this house shine from afar and they guided me to it."

"Well, that does beat all! Providence, that they've done some good at last in guiding his own people's footsteps, for once!" cried Mrs. Brodie, fervently.

"Ma'am?" exclaimed Ainslie, opening her grey eyes in astonishment.

"Nor, is it credible that you don't yet know as you've at the Ashwegg, the seat of your grandfather, Admiral Sir Ira Brandon ?"

"And is it possible that I am in the house of my grandfather—my stern and terrible grandfather, who hated and disowned my father and my mother?" exclaimed Ainslie, in dismay.

"Yes, my dear, but he will not harm them any longer; he must not hurt the living; and he shall acknowledge you as his grand-daughter and sole heiress, and take you to his heart, or else turn me out of his house," said the woman, stoutly.

"And me, too; which I don't think he be the stern! You are not one of the village girls?" inquired the housekeeper, drawing the chilled stranger to the bright blaze and fire that the dampness of the evening made very comfortable even at this season.

Then seeing in the glare of the light that the girl was a mere lass, she exclaimed:

"Oh, deary me; you haven't a dry thread on you! You have been out in the storm a long time; come into my chamber and get a suit of dry clothes on you, and then you shall have some hot supper before you answer any of my questions."

And taking the young stranger by the hand, the good housekeeper conducted her out into the young country.

They were gone about fifteen minutes, at the end of which Mrs. Brooddides returned, leading her *protégée*, who was now comfortably clad in a black silk dress, that looked as if it had been made for her.

"Dear me, how well that fits," said Miss Tabs.

"Yes, it was my young missus's. She left the most of her children here, poor child, when also was away, and I have taken very good care ever since. And now, if you want to know what my darling's name is, you shall ask the young girl; for there never was two peas so much alike as my Miss Alwyn Eleanor, and this young gal, only that this one looks like the ghost of my dearest, and she is plump, fit to down at the corner of the table here by the fire, and have some of the cold meat pasty while we make you a glass of warm port-wine negus; and you may tell Jessup you are to have supper with us, and not have done supper," said the good housekeeper, settling her *protégée* in the most comfortable seat.

Another fifteen minutes sufficed to satisfy the appetite of the stranger, who was therefore required to gratify the curiosity of her entertainers.

"And now, my lassekin we all about yourself. You are not out, this cold night, for pleasure," said Mrs. Brooddides, when they had gathered around the fire.

"No, ma'am. I come from London this morning by the train. I am destitute, and I'm off to walk."

"But where were you going, my child, when you were caught in the storm?"

"To Ashworth Abbey, ma'am."

"To Ashworth Abbey!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooddides and Miss Tabs, in a breath.

"Yes," said the girl, looking up with surprise at the women with whom they had entered into communication

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh, the old, old Clock, of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest:
'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few
Yet they lived, though Nations alter'd;
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,
When the voice of friendship falter'd!—
Tick, tick, it said; quick, quick, to bed;
For ten I've given warning:—
Up, up—and go—or else, you know,
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old Clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And bless'd the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling:—
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock
As it call'd at day-break boldly,
When the Dawn look'd gray, o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly!—
Tick, tick, it said; quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
Tick—tick! it said—to the churchyard bed;
The Grave hath given warning,—
Up—up—and rise to the Angel skies—
And enter a Heavenly morning!

HARD WORDS AND KIND WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jacob Bowman was a self-willed, ill-natured man, who endeavored to make his way in the world by driving everything before him. Weak, timid people yielded to his imperative manner, when in contact, and avoided him as much as possible; but every little while he ran against some one not inclined to be hectored or crowded, and then came trouble.

In his family, Jacob endeavored to rule with the strong hand. Feeling and impulse, not reason and judgment, guided his conduct here. No law of love held his children in obedience to his will; he governed by the law of force.

Men like Jacob Bowman, who are always ready to strike hard, cannot, usually, bear the weight of a feather in return. He was particularly sensitive touching the deportment of others towards himself, and quickly resented a dictatorial word. This sensitiveness was inherited by his children, who, in consequence, were hurt, from the beginning, by his harsh way of treating them, and led, from natural impulse, to resist his will. So, there were trouble and misrule at home. Disregard of authority and disrespect on one side, and the strong arm that sought to enforce submission on the other. Alas! in such a contest there is no hope, for the power of resistance grows stronger daily, and will is strengthened in like ratio with power. Jacob's children had no love for their father, and so obedience rested only in fear, and as fear ceased to hold them in submission, restraint grew weak. As for his wife, she, poor woman! had grown very cold towards her husband. For years, using a common and very significant form of expression, she had hardly dared to say that her soul was her own. But, at the time of which we write, nearly fifteen years from her marriage day, she was beginning to react with some firmness upon her husband's dictatorial ways, and to treat him with an indifference particularly annoying to one of his temperament. He could not storm her into submission as in earlier times. The sharp word, or harsh command, fell impotent from his lips, not moving her from the way in which she cared to walk.

Mr. Bowman was beginning, about this period, to feel greatly discouraged in regard to his children. They did not grow more obedient as years added strength to bodies and minds. His word was not obeyed as law, though spoken in thunder daily. They did not shrink from his person, nor tremble at his threat. They were immovable, though he stormed. He raged, and they heeded him not. He punished, and they were not restrained.

One day, on returning home, Mr. Bowman was met by his wife in the hall. She was pale, and her eyes were in tears. Laying her hand upon his arm, she drew him into the parlor.

"What ails you?" he asked, in his usual rough way, yet betraying the anxiety that came over his mind.

"Sit down, and I will tell you."

Mr. Bowman sat down. There was a peculiarity in his wife's voice that, unconsciously, subdued him.

"Lu's arm is broken."

"What!"

"Her arm is broken badly; but Dr. Edwards has been here."

"Lu's arm broken! How did that happen?"

"Jacob threw her down stairs."

Mr. Bowman started to his feet, his face instantly flushed with anger, and advancing one foot said, in a threatening tone:

"Where is he?"

Mrs. Bowman arose, and laying her hand on him, bore him gently back. But he was in no yielding mood.

"Why did he throw her down stairs?" He turned towards his wife, sternly confronting her.

"Sit down again. It is no time for angry punishment. I think there has been enough of that. You must try some other way, Jacob."

Mr. Bowman could hardly credit his senses. Was this his wife speaking? How dared she address him thus! In very surprise he sat down; and, in so doing, felt a loss of power as between himself and the woman he had so long treated as an instrument of his will.

"Lu and Jacob had a dispute this morning about some dried grasses that have been in Jacob's room. Lu took them away, and Jacob ordered her, in his ill-natured style, to put them back again, which she refused to do. They had a little scuffle before you went out this morning, and you, instead of patiently"—Mr. Bowman started and frowned, but his wife kept on—"ascertaining which was right and which wrong, caught hold of Jacob, and, after shaking him violently, threatened to flog him if he said another word about the grasses. Now, Lu had taken what did not belong to her; and if you had adjudged the case rightly, you would have compelled her to give up the grasses to Jacob."

Mr. Bowman frowned still more heavily. His wife did not, however, heed his threatening face. She had, all at once, risen to a place of thought and action above him, and freer pulses were throbbing along her veins.

"But," she went on, "having wronged Jacob in your decision, and encouraged Lu to persist in her invasion of his rights, continued strife between them was inevitable. My word was powerless. I could not exert the influence required to produce harmony, because your decision in the case excited the worst feelings on both sides. All the morning they wrangled and contended; notwithstanding, in the hope of turning their thoughts away from the cause of trouble, I took the grasses from Lu and locked them up in one of my drawers. When anger is in the heart, there is no lack of causes for dispute. About two hours ago, Jacob, in coming down stairs, found Lu sitting with her feet across one of the steps. He ordered her, in an angry tone, to get out of his way; but angry words never bring ready obedience." She spoke something slower, and paused a moment, in order that the sentiment might have force in the mind of her husband. "Lu did not stir. Jacob stormed; but made no impression on the ill-natured girl. Then he threatened to pitch her down stairs; and she laughed at him with tantalizing scorn. I heard what was passing, but before there was time for interference, Jacob had thrown himself madly against his sister, tearing her hold from the railing to which she clung, and bearing her headlong down stairs. They fell together, Jacob receiving a cut on his forehead, and Lu breaking her arm."

Mrs. Bowman paused and looked calmly at her husband. She had drawn up her person as she spoke, with the dignity of conscious power, and now waited for the response. Mr. Bowman had a new consciousness: the consciousness of inferiority to his wife. She had, in soberly spoken, direct language, accused him of wrong; and he could not gainsay her words. Nay, self-accusation was giving them additional force.

"This is a sad business," he remarked, in a troubled voice, as he began moving up and down the room. "Poor child! did she suffer much?"

"Yes, until the doctor came. After the arm was set the pain subsided. She is asleep now."

"Where is Jacob?"

"In his room."

"Did you punish him?"

"Why should I punish him?" asked Mrs. Bowman.

"Why!" Mr. Bowman knit his brows. His wife seemed trifling.

"Punishment," said Mrs. Bowman, still retaining her calmness, and speaking as from a conscious right to speak—all of which was new to her husband, and not a little puzzling—"is for reformation. You have punished Jacob a great many times, and often severely, for the very wrong done this morning."

"Did he ever break Lu's arm before?" demanded Mr. Bowman, with rising irritation.

"That was a consequence of his fault. The wrong lay in his anger toward his sister, and his purpose to annoy her. Now, I am very sure that punishments will not go to the seat of this disease. You cannot alter the mental disposition by inflicting pain on the body. Fear may restrain the outward act for a time, but the will to do wrong is unimpaired. Your dealing with Jacob, if you deal with him at all, must go deeper than this; or you had better leave him to his own consciousness—leave him to the pity and self-reproach that are now in his mind, and not to the anger and self-justification that must take their place if you inflict punishment."

Ah, if Mrs. Bowman had been courageous enough to speak after this manner to her husband, years before, how different might have been his rule in the household! He was not blind to reason; only blind when permitted, as he had been at home, to let selfish impulse govern, instead of a wise and loving regard to his wife and children. The unreflective tyrant had put aside the man, and ruled in his stead; and the sensitive, yielding, almost timid wife, had permitted this rule, until indifference of his regard, uniting with an aroused sense of duty, brought forth timely words that could not be gainsaid. In her calm speech, and well considered language, Mrs. Bowman completely subdued her husband. There was no setting aside her appeal. Its self-evident force disarmed him.

"What am I to do?" he asked, in a weak, bewildered way, his thought beating about in the obscurity of a newly opening state of mind.

"My husband," said Mrs. Bowman, whose heart, as she saw the strong, self-willed man, giving way before her, softened with a new born affection, instead of thrilling with triumph, as many an oppresed wife's heart would have thrilled—she spoke with unwonted tenderness—"My husband, love is all powerful; and loving words are often magical in force, where angry speech would die weakly in the utterance. You have not always thought of this. Oh, for my sake, and for the sake of our children, will you not, in the time to come, speak more kindly, more gently? Give us loving tones and pleasant words, always, always my husband."

The voice, which lost its firmness ere half this sentence was spoken, broke down utterly, closing in a sob, as Mrs. Bowman laid her face against her husband's bosom. Oh, as his arms closed around her, tightly, tightly, drawing her to his heart, what joy was her's! It seemed as if there had been a sudden birth into a new life.

Beyond this, she did not speak. Then and there, admonition died on her tongue. She had borne her husband upwards, through a sudden strong impulse, to a higher plane of thought and perception, and then withdrew her uplifting arms, that he might dwell there in his own consciousness.

"Will you not speak more kindly and more gently?" Could Mr. Bowman ever forget this appeal? No—no! What a revelation of his home life did it bring! How it turned for him, leaf after leaf, in the book of memory, bringing shame and self-reproaches. "More kindly and more gently." What stinging accusation was in the words!

Mr. Bowman was humbled and subdued; and this state was favorable to right perceptions. He not only saw clearly, but resolved soberly and in earnest. How must the gentle heart of his wife have suffered through long years, thus to react against him now—thus to cry out for him to stay the iron heel with which he had well nigh crushed out all love from his home! He was oppressed, humiliated, pained at the revelation of himself that was suddenly presented.

When, half an hour afterwards, Mr. Bowman went to Jacob's room, where the boy had retired on hearing him enter the house, and where he had been waiting a summons, and steeling his mind for the endurance of punishment, he found the boy cold, calm, and hard of aspect. There was some fear in his countenance; but no sign of sorrow for the evil he had done.

"Jacob," said Mr. Bowman, speaking in a low, serious voice, but without a sign of anger, as he sat down by the boy, "how did it happen that you threw your sister down stairs?"

This manner of address was so different from what Jacob had anticipated that his aspect changed instantly. His pale, cold face flushed; his eyes grew moist; his lips quivered.

"I was angry, father." He could say no more. The floodgates of feeling were too suddenly opened. He covered his face with his hands and wept.

"I thought it was so," replied Mr. Bowman, without manifesting displeasure. "I knew that, my son, could not, if in his right mind, do any harm to his sister. See what a dreadful thing anger is! You could have stepped over her feet?"

"Yes, father, I could have done it." Jacob looked up, with his eyes still running over with tears. "But she put herself in my way on purpose, and I felt so angry that I would have done almost anything. I don't care when I'm mad."

"That's a dreadful thing, Jacob! Don't care when you are angry!" Mr. Bowman spoke very gravely.

"I can't help it, father," said the boy, in a pleading voice. "I'm always sorry after I've been angry. But when anybody speaks in a rough way, or does wrong things to me, I fire right up, and don't care what I say or do. I wish it wasn't so; indeed I do, father. I'm sorry almost every day. I want to do right and please you; but it seems as if I can't. O dear! O dear!" And the unhappy child covered his face again, and wept bitterly.

Was not Mr. Bowman rebuked by this? Ah, yes! He saw deeper into that boy's concious life than he had ever seen before, and understood how painful, yet how fruitless, had been his strife with inherited passions and impulses. Instead of helping, he had hindered; wounding instead of healing whenever his hand was outstretched.

"We must let the past go, Jacob," said Mr. Bowman, speaking with encouragement. "There has been too much wrangling and jarring; too much loud and harsh talking to one another. It does no good; it makes no one happier. Kindness is better. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, father. But nobody is kind in this house."

"Nobody?" There was a shade of surprise in Mr. Bowman's voice.

"Mother is kind, but——" The boy hesitated.

"But what, Jacob?"

"She can't do much."

Mr. Bowman did not reply for some time. That last sentence suggested many thoughts.

"If each one is kind, then all will be kind," said the father. "Won't you try to do your part?"

"Yes, I'll try; but I know I shan't always succeed."

"Shall I tell you how you may succeed?"

"Yes, father."

"If provoked to utter a harsh word, at any time, hold it back resolutely until you feel calm enough to speak a kind word."

Jacob sat evidently revolving the proposition in his mind, in order to see its entire force.

"If all would do that," he said, his thought going from member to member of the inharmonious family. His tone was slightly despondent.

"If you will do it, I will," said Mr. Bowman, with a frankness that surprised even himself. Jacob's countenance lighted instantly. "Are you ready for the trial of this new way in the family?"

"Yes, father; but you mustn't be discouraged with me if I fail sometimes. It is not an easy way for a boy like me," answered Jacob, with a hopeful smile glistening through tears.

All rested with the father, and well did he understand it. Fully awakened as he now was to his past errors and future responsibilities, he was in little danger of stepping down from the higher place to which he had ascended. His interview with Jacob surprised and instructed him almost as much as his interview with his wife. He saw that he had not acted in his family as though each individual possessed a separate life and consciousness that must be developed in some sort of freedom, and grow to strength and beauty in the sunshine. Command and obedience involved the whole rule of family government; and under this rule he had well nigh destroyed the bonds of filial and fraternal love. But under the new rule, inaugurated in pain and self-humiliation, there was a joyful promise that did not die.

For a man of Mr. Bowman's inherited and acquired disposition, the government of kindness was a difficult order of home administration. Old states were constantly recurring, and hard words instead of gentle remonstrances forever rising to his tongue. But instructed through that single lesson, so forcibly given, he could not forget his duty; and so, through resolute self-compulsion, held on in the better way—blessing instead of cursing the human souls which God had placed in his keeping.

"UP-HILL WORK."

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Ah, me! This is up-hill work!"

So said Albert Fairfield in the morning of his life.

And how many thousands of earth's toiling sons are giving breath to the same mournful complaint.

"It is up-hill work!" sighs the boy, turning his eye from the page of his lesson-book, and gazing out beyond the pent-up school-room to the hills and woods that rise so invitingly in the distance. "It is up-hill work!" says the youth, bending over his bench, and thinking of the time when his apprenticeship will expire, and he can be his own master, and work for himself. "It is up-hill work!" says the laborer, as he wipes the sweat from his brow, and gazes off upon the long stretch of ground yet to be subdued ere he can count upon the harvest. "It is up-hill work!" groans the poor debtor, bowing beneath the weight of a long score yet to be overcome.

Aye—so it is. It is up-hill work—all of it.

"Ah, me! This is up-hill work!"

Albert Fairfield said so to me the second time. When he first spoke I dropped my eyes to the ground, and thought. Albert was two-and-twenty years of age, and was by trade a machinist. He loved Sophy Winthrop, and Sophy Winthrop loved him. Sophy was an orphan, two years younger than Albert; she was my niece, and her home was beneath my roof. She was the only child of my sister, and I loved her as though she had been my own. When Albert Fairfield asked me if he might have Sophy for his wife, I wanted time to consider. I knew that he was a young man of unblemished character; of excellent standing; and of fair intellect. I knew that he was poor; but that was nothing against him. I made myself sure that Sophy loved him, and then I gave him my answer. I told him that when he could pay for a home he should have my niece for his wife.

Said I—"Sophy is willing to marry you now, but I do not think it best. I should prefer that you would at least own a house before you marry. If you will purchase the house, Sophy shall furnish it from top to bottom,—so her expenditure will be about equal to yours, and you may then commence your married life with a good start."

With another I might not have made this stipulation; but I knew Albert's weakness, and I sought to overcome it. I knew that he had powers enough, but they were not self-reliant ones. He had yet a lesson to learn in life, and I thought he had better learn it before marriage than after. When I first gave this conditional consent to his marriage with my niece, he received it gratefully, and said he would go ahead. He thought then only of the prize to be won.

A year had elapsed, and Albert Fairfield seemed to feel weary and disheartened.

"Ah me! This is up-hill work!" And he leaned back, and folded his hands upon his knees.

"Of course it is," said I. "Had I not known that it would be up-hill work I should not have asked you to do it."

He looked up at me inquiringly.

"How steep is the hill?" I asked him.

He still gazed upon me, and I repeated the question,—

"How steep is the hill?"

"It is steep and long," he replied.

"But you are part way up," I suggested.

He shook his head. "It will take me a long time to climb to the top."

"Others have reached the top before you?"

"Yes."

"Thousands of them?"

"Yes."

"And they were no stronger than you are?"

"But," said Albert, after a little hesitation, "they may have had more help."

"Ah, my boy," I returned, with an admonitory shake of the head, "you are showing me your weakness. Do you remember, a year ago, the conversation we had?"

"Yes."

"You asked me for the hand of my niece. I intimated to you that she could pay as much towards furnishing the house as it would cost you to build it. I believed that it would be better for you both if you could commence upon the same level. As far as means were concerned, Sophy was in advance. Circumstances had placed her upon the top of the hill. I showed you where she stood, and you promised me that you would go at work to reach her. Has your heart failed you?"

Albert made no reply.

"Do you love Sophy less?"

He answered me quickly: "No, no. I love her better than ever."

"And yet you would sit down and fold your hands upon the hill-side. Albert, I did not think this of you. With such a prize upon the top I had supposed that you would push on without faltering. Look—look, and see the work you have before you—see how many have gone up in advance. Look, Albert, from where you stand. Look up, and look down. Will you join those at the top, or will you fall back, heart-faint and weak, and join those at the bottom?"

He bowed his head reflectingly.

"UP-HILL WORK!" I cried, resting my hand for a moment upon his shoulder. "What is Life but a hill! There may be a state of existence, for drones and sloths, down in the ceaseless valley; but the Life of the living, acting man is up the hill—up, up, up—the higher the better. Do you tell me that you have met with disappointments? Then overcome them. Don't let them overcome you. If you have lost the path, go back and find it, and look out more sharply next time. If you have found the path choked up by some impediment, move it out of your way. If you cannot move it, then work your way over it, or around it, as may be best. Look up, Albert, and see who stand highest in the world. See who have most honor and most respect. You shall find them to be those who have met and overcome the most misfortune in their way up the hill. Look up—look up, my son, and behold the proud conqueror. See the man whom all delight to honor. See what he did in his journey up the hill. What *did he* do with misfortunes? He bent them to his will, and changed them into blessings. He made them stepping-stones of experience, and pushed his way upward with renewed energy.

"Do you call it UP-HILL WORK, Albert? Aye—it is up-hill work—glorious, honorable work. And what will you do? You are on the hill even now. The prize is above you?—What will you do? Will you go back to the valley of shades—will you sit listlessly where you are—or will you summon your manhood, and move up? Answer me."

The young man bowed his head for a little while upon his hands, and then he gazed up into my face. I saw that the current of his feelings had changed. His lips were set more firmly; a manly flush was upon his cheek; and a new fire was in his eye. He arose to his feet; he swept the hair away from his brow; and presently he said:

"Wait.—You shall see."

I knew what he meant—I knew how strongly his resolution had been fixed; but I could not suffer him to depart without one more word of counsel.

"Albert," I said, taking his hand, "suffer me to speak once more. In your upward march you will meet obstacles; and the most perplexing of obstacles will be such as result from your own oversight and indecision. Utter no more complaint. Every moment of repining is a step backward; every thought of regret is a barrier thrown across your path; and every feeling of envy, spent upon those who are ahead of you, makes additional load which you must bear with you as you go."

He said that he understood me; and he told me again to wait.

I did wait. I waited patiently, and with growing hope. I watched the youth, and I saw that he had commenced the up-hill work in earnest. From a hesitating, dreaming, wishing man he grew to be a living, acting, working man. He walked the street no longer with his head bent; but he walked erect, with his gaze fixed straight before him. He grew stronger and stouter—I could see it in the firmness of his step, in the outgrowing of his chest, and in the healthier tone of his face.

Two years more, and Albert Fairfield came to me again; and this time he claimed his wife.

"You have your house?" I said.

He handed me a deed by which was conveyed to him one of the prettiest cottage residences in the town.

"I should have built," he explained, "but the owner of this was about to leave the country, and he gave me a grand bargain—so grand a bargain, sir, that I have paid for the property, and have some three hundred dollars left."

"You shall have your wife," I told him. "She is ready to marry with you, and she has been ready this long time—been ready with her love and changeless devotion. Go to her, Albert, and make such arrangements as you please."

Albert and Sophy were married, and when they were settled down in their new home, I went to see them. After tea—after I had seen what a paradise of earthly bliss that home was—I drew Albert aside, and asked him if I had not been right.

He told me that I had.

"You have had to work?" I suggested.

"Yes."

"And you have met with trials?"

"Yes."

"And now, in this hour, how do you regard the labors of the past?"

He caught me by the hand, and, while his eye kindled, and his face flushed with deep feeling, he said:

"In this hour, standing as I do upon the top of the first grand eminence of life, I look back upon the past as a pleasant scene of hope and of useful labor. I have met with trials, and I have met with disappointments. In the hour when they came they seemed dark and thankless, but now, looking back upon them from the hill of success, I find them to have been really so many blessings, made so by the effort of my own will. Ah, sir, you were right. The only true Life is that which moves upward as it moves onward, and the only effective labor is that which leads us up the hill. The beacon, to be a safe one, must be above us. Yes, yes—you were right, and I thank God that I have had the strength to follow your counsel."

DEFERENCE is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

MEN who think deeply, and pass their lives in the expression of their thoughts, are said, with a delicate tincture of contempt, to live by their wits, as if it were some sort of ledgerdemain and not good honest work; as if silk were a species of sin, and satin a misspelling of Satan.

ONE would think from the works of the ancient architects, that it is easier to fear God than love man; ten temples to Mars, and only one to Mercy, two shrines to Faith and only one to Charity, two temples to Sun and Moon, but none for them who cannot see.

AS in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in the life-eclipse of sorrow and disease we can discern the lights of the great eternity burning solemnly and forever.

WHEN we behold a beautiful mother with lovely children around her, we are reminded of those trees which blossom in October, and whose fruit and blossoms are on the bough at once.

ALL created animals are combined in man. Wisdom makes him an ark in which they dwell together in harmony; folly, a cage in which they bite and tear each other and him.

HE who stands at the North Pole, let him start toward whatever point he may, goes due South; and so whatever path we take in life leads straight to death.

LOVE, Justice, and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make us mortals open ours pretty wide sometimes.

HOWEVER much a man may like to be waited on, he isn't apt to relish the thought of having his friends close his eyes.

THE flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, administering the strongest dose only to the weakest patient.

MOTHER EVE, by one act, made us all mortal; and now her daughters are killing us off one by one at their leisure.

IT is as uncomfortable to feel like scolding and have nothing to scold about, as it is to be hungry and have nothing to eat.

CHILDREN don't often consult the will of the father; his only will that they are apt to care much about is his last.

REWARD and punishment are sadly warped. If they are the two legs on which society stands, society is bow-legged.

THE lover's thoughts and fancies, his mere creatures, are always with his mistress; but he, their maker, hasn't that privilege.

WHEN foraging for thought becomes necessary in the pursuit of literary fame, it is high time the campaign were ended.

THAT boarder has the most delightful fair set before him who sits at the table opposite to beautiful girls.

THERE is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds earth and sky in the hollow of its hand.

A COILED rattlesnake must uncoil himself to strike; he must undo himself before he can undo you.

EVERY child is weaned from its mother; the mother can never be weaned from the child.

WE may refuse a favor so graciously as to please, and grant it so ungraciously as to offend.

THERE is no health in the world; we enjoy at the best but a neutrality between health and sickness.

THE most difficult person to make contracts with is a contracted one.

POETRY has a middle nature. Heaven keeps souls, the earth bodies—verse enrolls the name.

THE criticism of enemies is often more valuable than the advice of friends.

THE preacher who spends his nights in writing dull sermons stays awake to put his hearers to sleep.

A SERIOUS inconvenience accompanying great virtues is that they hold up a torch to one's vices.

EVERY one has a romance in his own heart; all that has blessed or awed the world lies there.

HE was a true poet who called flowers the fugitive poetry of Nature.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG lady, the daughter of a citizen of wealth and respectability, who married the son of her father's hostler a few weeks ago, was found dead in her father-in-law's house one morning a short time since, and on the table was a note to her mother, stating that, having awakened from her delusion, and finding herself chained to persons and circumstances which excited in her only loathing and disgust, and being ashamed ever to look her family or former friends in the face again, she had resolved to end her life, as the grave seemed to be the only refuge left her from the unendurable miseries of her situation.

A LABORER, who was reeking with perspiration, rushed into a saloon in Fulton street the other day, when the heat was at an unendurable degree, and seizing a pitcher of ice-water, drank nearly a quart of it, set down the pitcher and started to go out; but before he reached the pavement he clapped his hands to his stomach, uttered a groan, and fell to the floor. Aid was called as soon as possible, but the imprudent man died before he could be got to the hospital. This fact teaches an important lesson, which it behooves every one to heed during hot weather.

A SHORT time since a fight occurred on board one of the boats that run to the fishing banks, on account of an insult, or a fancied one, being given to a girl who was dancing, with others, to the music of three fiddles and a bass viol, on the lower deck. The insulted damsel's lover assaulted the insulter, and both parties having friends on board, the fight spread and soon became promiscuous among about a dozen or so; but the girls at last interfered and quieted the row.

A DESPERATE character, called Jim Brundage, got into a fight in a low drinking saloon in Jersey City one night not long since, and meeting with his match in a countryman from the eastern part of New Jersey, who had entered the saloon to see the "elephant," they fought after the rough-and-tumble, kicking, biting and gouging fashion for over half an hour, when Brundage, being badly cut up, cried "enough," and the fight was discontinued.

A COUPLE of children—a boy of five and a girl of seven—living in First Avenue, got to meddling with utensils in the kitchen, the other day, while their mother was in the yard hanging out clothes, and at last upsetting a boiler of hot water upon themselves, they were scalded so badly, that the boy died in a few hours, and the little girl, after lingering in great agony till the next morning, also died.

SEVERAL days ago, as a party of gentlemen were rowing towards the Narrows, they suddenly came upon the body of a man floating in the water—swollen, livid, and ghastly. They had such a horror of the floating corpse that they did not attempt to secure it, but on landing they informed the proper authorities of what they had seen, and a party of police went out and succeeded in finding the body, which could not be identified.

A NUMBER of ill-behaved boys were throwing stones at each other in Christie street, one day recently, and a savage dog coming along, they all turned upon him, and began pelting him unmercifully; but the dog being plucky, instead of running made a dash at his assailants, and throwing one of them down, mangled him severely before assistance could be rendered him.

A PARTY of burglars, who broke into a house up town a short time since, made free with several decanters of liquor which they found in one of the closets, all of which had been powerfully drugged, in anticipation that they might do good service in some such way, and the result was, that the jolly burglars were all found fast asleep in the basement in the morning.

A FIGHT occurred on a Fulton ferry-boat one evening not long since; and the combatants being at the forward end, where there was a dense crowd, many of the passengers came near being pressed overboard, but fortunately no damage was done to anybody but the parties to the disgraceful contest.

THREE little boys were playing on the roof of a house in Broome street, one afternoon lately, and getting into a scuffle, they approached the edge, and one of them, a lad nine years of age, fell to the ground—a distance of about thirty feet, and was instantly killed.

A HORSE attached to a sulky ran away a few days since, in the Central Park, and after scattering promenaders right and left, at last ran over a nursery maid and a couple of children, breaking the former's arm, and seriously bruising the head of one of the latter.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

THE CLUBS OF THE EXPENSIVE AND UNPLEASANT CULTIVATION OF THE LEDGER.—We may never receive the satisfaction of knowing how many clubs we have, but we are sure that we have a good many. Now is just the time to form clubs for the ensuing year; and as liberality is a great characteristic of the Ledger, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of the seven others.

WE ALWAYS SEND THE LEDGER at the commencement of the year, or the date of the club; it is paid, in fact, in advance. Any person who wishes it would be well to remit four consecutive weeks in advance, and thus have the time regularly.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. Those who have clubs to make up must do it among their friends, as a matter of favor.

WE CANNOT change the direction of a subscriber, unless he gives us the former, as well as the present address.

REMITTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $5; eight copies, $9. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are allowed to retain only eight copies at $9. The party who sends us $17 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. Terms, invariably in advance. Subscriptions may commence with any number. Back numbers can always be supplied. Any one can send a letter to any subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The name of a town and state must be written on ever. When a draft or check can conveniently be used, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. $5 We employ no travelling agents.

ALLEVIATIONS OF CAMP LIFE.

Camp life need not be dull. When it is dull, there is something radically wrong about it.

The chief antidote to dullness, whether in camp or out of camp, is employment. The soldiers who are drilled enough, but not too much, and when the drill is properly varied, being changed from company drill to regimental parade, and from that to moving in brigades, with a grand review once or twice a week, camp life cannot be very dull, because the mere alternations of work and play will suffice to make life tolerably pleasant. We would not start with hazarding that duty any regiment which had found camp life dull, as certain shrinks we the idea; but we would feel sorry to see it, and not learned their trade.

Sport is a great alleviation of life in camp. No company should consider its equipage complete without a football or a ball for the game of cricket. Every fine afternoon, all hands should turn out for an hour's fun. In the evening, the beside of men, keeps up their spirits, and is a most valuable kind of preparation for sleep. It has long been observed in England, that the best men on the play-ground are the best in the battle-field. Indeed, the English government has recently gone to great expense in providing cricket-grounds, tennis-courts and the like, for boys for the use of soldiers in barracks. No man who has ever played ball, in order to hit that games of ball quicken the eyesight, strengthen the wind, and increase the courage of those who play them. Yes, increase the *courage!* Does it require any cool courage to step a ball that would knock down an ox?

In camp, three daily events become intensely interesting, namely, breakfast, dinner and supper. Hungry? No man knows what hunger is till he has served a campaign in the field. Fancy coming to shout at 6 o'clock on a chilly morning, after having been out on picket duty half the night, or going to dinner after five hours' drill. Eating having thus acquired a strange and unnatural importance, if you will go to give an intense pleasure to troops, you have only to give them something a little more delicate to eat. The miller on Sundays rejoices in his plum duff. It marks the day. Soldiers should not only be well fed and variously fed, but it is highly desirable that, occasionally, they should have something extra. When they have been living on plain meat and bread, a little molasses or sugar is almost sufficient to turn their dinner into a banquet. To men who taste potatoes only once a week, potatoes are unknown delicacy.

A great alleviation of camp life is to have the camp itself clean and elegant. It is a nearly invariable rule, and recent events have shown it, that a regiment that keeps its camp cleanest and most comfortable is also the regiment most to be depended upon in the hour of severest trial. Men that have not moral force enough to keep their whole decent may make a dash or two upon occasion, but they will never turn the tide of fight, never stand long under fire, never do a dare-extreme labor; no, not though they could save their country by doing so. Both sets are far at the precise moment when a little forbidden and virtuous would decide the fortune of a campaign. The reverse we call a DEVILMENT, in the true English sense.

Resting, of course, is to many soldiers a great reserve in camp. It is various. Not every permanent camp and barracks there should be provided much for both reading and writing.

Society ought to be a great day in camp, and it is a great day to a regiment that has a chaplain of the right stamp. But, alas! such chaplains of the right stamp do not grow on every bush. Next to a good colonel, the man on whom the life of a regiment is a good chaplain, a man of tact, force, courage, and sincerity from the camp, the officers' schismatic, and all the other whole-distinctions of his profession, as a man of authority, honest men. Such a chaplain can make the finality a deal of dignity, besides doing much through the week to cheer and elevate the men.

ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGERS.

Gentlemen and ladies with sugar handles to their names, who come over from Europe to study the habits of the modern autocrat of all the republicans on their native soil, have ceased to excite our curiosity. The latest victim of "The Illustrious Stranger," with the Prince of Wales for his "Rowland," was figured out in New York last year, and our tall-hunters and toadies, received the overtures of the latest Illustrious Stranger, have ever since remained under a cloud. They did not emerge from it even when Prince Alfred was within hailing distance, at Montreal, and that really smart young fellow, the Count, twice the question of his elder brother, was submerged in our Mississippi valley. On the morning toward the close of last month, Prince Napoleon made preparations to leave the soil of France prior to the birth of the Prince Imperial—and his wife, the young Princess Clotilde of Savoia, landed from a handsome war-packet near the battery, and proceeded up Broadway in a carriage to the New York Hotel, without the equipments even of the ubiquitous "gentlemen of the press"! The members of the corporation, too, were oblivious of the fact that we had a Bonaparte among us, and that volunteer valor who has heretofore taken charge of foreign indelicate, regardless of expense, was not on hand to welcome them.

It is really refreshing to notice these symptoms of returning self-respect in the city authorities and the sensation papers. The advent of a Prince no longer "fights the isle from its propriety." The cousin of the French emperor excited no more attention in our streets than any other foreigner five feet eight inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a list of the Napoleon cut, without the Napoleon intellect in it, would have done. We are improving rapidly in our appreciation of Princes, and also in our manner of treating them. And be it known that they do not like to be harassed with adulation while travelling for pleasure. They are overdosed with flattery at home, and when a people who profess to believe that "all men are created equal" follow them about in a state of such fussy admiration, it sickens them. Like Jeffrey when Davis & Co. were at the Bar of Wit, we feel alone.

We should have been chagrined if the city of New York had gone out of its way to pay its devotion to Prince Napoleon. He has never distinguished himself particularly either in military or civil life. In Italy he commanded a division which was never, we believe, under fire; in the Baltic he was, certainly, a passenger, which, under the guise of liberalism, is said to has forcibly opposed to the policy of the Emperor, who has literally loaded him with favors.

As the son of that Jerome Bonaparte who married, and divorced, at the command of his imperial brother, beauty abandoned and reputation in a most estimable American lady, he certainly has no claim to our regard on the score of his parentage, and his opinions and delegations of the mourning bond, his father was a Republican, and his mother a scion of the Napoleon in the offspring of what Christian men, who did not believe in the divine right of tyrants, hold to have been an illegal and illicit union. Jerome was a man of the Bath, and his sincerity with which he opposed the legitimation of the union of Prince of Lucca, Elisa Bonaparte, the legitimate grandson of his father, and Felix Pascal Bacciochi, a commoner of Corsica, is not one of his moral qualities.

Jerome Bonaparte, the puppet king of Westphalia, was, as all the world knows, a weak man. As a soldier he was worthy of his family, which, accustomed, it is said, to play at leap-frog with his sisters, was in the habit of leaping the backs of State. He was, also, a boa eater, especially when he had a cold, and would gorge it in twice or thrice a week, in order to be thoroughly convinced with his favorite food. Report says that the Prince Napoleon has inherited partiality for the juice of the grape, but we have seen him drink but little of it. The "old York," a "cool for luck," was reviled in Jerome. Bourbon dynasty, died an advanced age laden with honors by the Emperor Napoleon, and buried with the pomp and fuss in which, while living, he set a high value.

OUR MARITIME MARINE.

A first class maritime nation, whose ports are the entrepôts and depôts of a vast external and internal commerce, and whose flag continually parades every ocean, should never be unprepared for war. Not only is a navy a good policy—it is invaluable on ours firms—but no invading army can maintain a foothold on our soil if we should be always in a condition to protect her ports and harbors by a powerful navy. Our naval skill offered to her flag on the high seas or in the ports and harbors of the United States, would, we think, be "a tool for luck," as was reviled in Jerome.

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For nearly forty-six years we have been at peace with all the world. During that long period of repose, France and England have encouraged the growth and efficiency of their maritime marine. This country has not been unmindful of the fact that it has not been supinated in a ratio with the circulation of commerce, and that it is to a great extent increased into in the improved means of navigation and steam power by our great commercial rivals.

What is the result of this neglect? In the midst of a great domestic crisis, and with the possible—not probable but certainly possible—contingency of a foreign war, we have not even a survey of our fleets. What do they amount to as a navy—what are they when we have not the two great maritime powers of the old world? Bluff we say to our friends, but in the end—ruinous figures attest it, and we confess it with shame. Our navy is in a condition to preserve, and the sooner it is remedied, the better for the safety of our commerce and the honor of the Republic.

Is any one mad that there is no danger of foreign aggression. There is not indeed any apparent danger. Who is to invade us on the blue waters? Who seriously believed eighteen months ago that Kansas and Nebraska Bill was drifting into the maelstrom that is now typing the integrity of her build and the stoutness of her timbers?

We need no standing army for the defence of our territory, for we can command every man we by the million, and dare snatch them against the world in arms; but we do need a navy for the best and effective navy for the protection of our wealth afloat, and the maintenance of our status among maritime nations.

BREADTWORK.

We question whether any clergyman should ever be led against histories and broadworks, unless they have been previously breached by cannon balls.

Look at Bunker Hill. A few hundred farmers and mechanics, without the slightest pretension to scientific description, in a few hours of a summer afternoon, built a fort which a few thousand veteran troops were twice repulsed, and could not carry. Look at the noble resolution of the defenders gave us, by a loss in killed and wounded more than a thousand men, a victory on immense advantage does a breast-work give.

Consider the battle of New Orleans. A bank of black mud, defended by three or four thousand militia, kept at bay for a month a large British army, led by generals of the first distinction, fresh from the Peninsular war.

If such works could enable raw troops to do such wonders, who could expect men to make any impression upon a great *battery-bag*—a series of heavy-breasted bigots, defended by works constructed by skilful engineers and defended by large army. The attack of such a place, so defended, would be a task undertaken by a weak, cannonade, may very properly be termed a bull's run. Only think of it—it has been a real bull. Or, to say the least, John Bull.

"LITTLE TROUBLES."

What are called the "little troubles of life," are the hardest to bear. One can nerve himself up with heroism for a great trial, but the most-quite-like annoyances of every hour, for which unfeeling nature has no sort of relief provided, and which they cannot understand so long as they suffer but nonsense to, and are wind fit churchyards and make so many homes of misery. Happy are they whose "little" troubles find their sympathy out of which grows strength to endure, and whose hearts are not ground to powder by the rough feet of indifference and insensibility.

It is a pleasant and profitable habit to store up agreeable images of the past, with a view to present and future improvement as well as enjoyment.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-one.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF WAR.

It is an old proverb that the Laws are silent amidst arms. The laws are, for the most part, made for a state of peace, excepting those which expressly refer to war and the manner of conducting it. In a time of war armies, the community necessarily undergoes a great, and sometimes a sudden change. The quiet scenes of society are, to some extent, checked, and in the immediate vicinity of the field of War are suspended, and with them the laws, which regulate those peaceful scenes, for the time give way to the stern necessities of the new state of things. The military power, as it is, for the most effective of an enlightened government in civilized countries, is kept in the distance of the peaceful order of things within the narrowest limits; and the sole support of the law is to be enforced with by military authority as little as possible. It is a particular cardinal maxim of free governments, that the military commander should be subordinate to the civil magistrate, and should especially, when war exists, in which the public safety absolutely requires, that the operation of the laws and the authority of the civil magistrate should yield to the paramount exercise of military force and military measures. The particular singleness, of which the British army has ever been distinguished, courage—quite equal to the courage required for the time of the field—which is needed for the discharge of the unpopular duty of suppressing the civil laws, and substituting for them repressive which his conduct is sure to bring upon him from the civil authority, and the disaffected, dividing their disloyalty under an unconstitutional and illegal exercise of power. It must take the risk even of subsequent disavowal by the government, if he does not in the first affair the crown and brave offer the danger. But this is a question in his interference with the regular march of law to the narrowest limits and fewest occasions, and to the gett to welcome the re-establishment of its authority.

These are the general maxims which apply to the conduct of armies in the community and the precisest difficulty will naturally be, to the military commander, how far to carry the authority to pristine cases. This difficulty will of course be greatest in the case of a community most of a state of war, then after it has lapsed into that state. The military commander is obliged to conform itself to the exigencies of the case, and to the habits of the people. If citizens in some of the border States, who sympathize with violence and outrage, it is not that they cannot be in place out at war, in the field, but that they do not choose to proclaim the protection of the Constitution as in a state of war, and to subject themselves amenable to the laws, while they render secret, and when favorable opportunity, open aid and comfort to arms against them. They consult the forces there which in the vicinity of their homes, convey supplies and arms to the enemy; they refuse to take the oath of allegiance, and in effect these objects they sometimes avail themselves of official position and authority derived from the government which they are betraying. Under such circumstances, when that government is self-defence interfered with in the most unjustifiable manner by the calmness, they clamor that the liberties of the country are in danger.

There are, perhaps, for the most part to the people of the United States, no great danger in cities more remote from the scene of action. Under the influence of excitement, and misrepresenting and vilifying the government of the United States, are sometimes guilty acts of unfavorable intelligence, and exerting themselves to the utmost to undermine the feeling and the confidence of the Constitution and the Union. But in the still less superstitious devotion to the People to the liberty of the Press, that these pernicious journals, with the exception of single instance in St. Louis, never been interfered with. It seems to have been thought better by our rulers to leave the mischief of these unpatriotic presses, than to elevate the spirit of resistance to them by suppression, or to encroach in the slightest degree upon that liberty of the Press which in times of ordinary times is justly regarded as one of the great safeguards of liberty.

It may be said that there is no danger of foreign aggression. There is not indeed any apparent danger. Who is to invade us on the blue waters? Who seriously believed eighteen months ago that Kansas and Nebraska Bill was drifting into the maelstrom that is now typing the integrity of her build and the stoutness of her timbers?

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secession was about to be submitted to the vote of the People of Virginia, a distinguished senator of that State to Congress, and who in that capacity was under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, published a letter, signed with his name, in which he declared that the people of Virginia so did not approve the ordinance, must leave the State; a summary sentence of banishment and confiscation against about a third part of the people of that State of commonwealth; a sentence which the seceding leaders did not now attempting to enforce as to the point of the bayonet, to illustrate the principle, that the right of government rests upon the consent of the governed."

In the present crisis, in time of war, partially suspends the operation of the laws, transfers the governing power to the military authority, not absolutely and without conditions; far from it; but under the limitations of the constitution, and of the laws enacted to meet such a state of things. The power which existed in the Roman republic of creating a Dictator, in cases of imminent danger, was also clothed with absolute authority for a limited period—a power which was occasionally, though not avowedly exercised by Congress, in the revolutionary war—is also known to the Constitution; and it is to be desired that it will never be called into exercise by petits too formidable to be otherwise exerted.

For all the ordinary purposes of war, the President of the United States is clothed with the constitutional title of Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, and of the militia of the United States when called into actual service." The laws of the land provide the number of officers of a regiment, as well as the possesses in this character. The present is not the time to comment on which the powers conferred upon the President of the United States, and which are to be exercised by the Congress, and the legislature, although not issued till the war had been actually commenced by the rebellion of Fort Sumter, by the general armament of the United States, ordinance and regulations already prepared beforehand by the sworn officers of the United States, and by an official threat of a movement on Washington, and proclamation by President Davis as an unprovoked measure, for the organization of counterfeit constitutional limits, and can sum only as "the subjugation" of the South. Such was the power of the President of the United States did not exceed four and a half millions, General Washington called out fifteen thousand troops to suppress an insurrection in the four western counties of Pennsylvania. Our population is now thirty millions, and the insurrection has assumed the dimensions of a civil war. The only reasonable objection to the call for seventy-five thousand men is, that they did not at once proceed on that gigantic scale. Considering the unanimity of the North, as the only means of bringing the insurrection to a speedy termination. It is like a drug on hydrogenate means to be prolong the struggle by which it inflicts on both parts of the Union; to protract the perilous duress imposed upon the Union men in the South, who look with aching eyes for the hour of deliverance, and to augment all the difficulties which are to be encountered in the end to be restored to the country.

The military powers with which the President is clothed as Commander-in-chief, will, in ordinary cases, not be exercised. He will confine himself to a military character, to exercised on land through the medium of the actual Commander-in-chief of the army, a great and august, but, in a military way, a subordinate, post. It is different to contemplate, without some degree of unfeasible embarrassment, the career of the great captains who, with no higher motive than those of military glory, have conducted the armies of the earth, go forth to their wars of conquest and conquest. Strange as the supposition of ideas is, there are few whose frame has not been thrilled with mysterious pleasure, who have heard Othello's heart-broken leave-taking of his profession:

"O, now forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell!"

Of the greatest master of the human passions could put language like this in the lips of a mercenary soldier. It is only under the sense that we not contemplate the person and function of the Commander-in-chief whose "ambition" is said "made to be virtue" by the magnitude of the task to which he is engaged and of the arrangements which he wields; but whose whole career is determined by patriotism; who has never drawn his sword but in the cause of his country; and whose sword we are sure he will return to the hand of an army. Napoleon was a professional soldier, and with high-hearted men he descended to bum the air of Malbrook as he marched to his grave. At the commencement of his campaigns. Still our feelings are swept along, in spite of ourselves, as we read the lives and exploits of those great commanders. In the pages of the eastern chieftain, who, at the close of a long and honored career, draws his sword for the last time in a cause for which a patriot could fight, and which a sage could contemplate joyously pray, there is an elevation approaching to the religious character. Life has nothing of greater dignity and greater grandeur.

When this position is attained toward the close of a long, illustrious, and uniformly reputable career, the whole community should hedge it round with a deferential support and strong confidence. It is a time for the most impatient interference which, under free government, never has the most remote connection with the success of great commanders. The confidence of Washington was not misplaced by Bolingbroke, who did not love him, "the greatest and the greatest minister that this country or any other has produced;") shows us that he lost more than one campaign through the interference of the deputies of the States General, who infested his head-quarters. Wellington, at the commencement of his career in Spain, was harassed, by the unreasonable urgency of his government. Nothing but the divine patience of Washington enabled him to tolerate the intermeddling of the factious cabal which at one period controlled Congress, not which never drew from the peerless chieftain even a hint of resignation. Let us hope that these examples of history will not be lost upon us, but that the Administration and the Country, happy in the services of the most skilful of living Commanders, will leave the conduct of the war to his hands. It is a serious matter for men without experience to interfere with great military operations where the lives of so many persons are at stake. The art of War is not so much simpler than this ordinary branches of industry, that, while it requires years of practice to make a good artisan, a man can step up from civil life in a week, competent to plan campaigns and command armies.

GEORGE WILKES'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

The following extract from one of George Wilkes's letters to the *New York Spirit of the Times*," gives a vivid picture of the coming up of the rebel reserves at the battle of Bull Run, and shows how utterly impossible it was for our brave troops, who had been fighting all day without respite, to hold the ground which they had so heroically won:

THE PAGEANT OF THE REBEL'S RESERVES.

"Suddenly, therefore, infuriated another hill, and it could not be distinguished whether it was a body of men with the victory after all, and that the defeat was but the angry finish of the sweeping victory, as a broken wave rolls back from the shore? Soon, and, turning their eyes towards Manassas, the whole of our decoying regiments, and those who were moving to the rear as those who stood, saw a sight which none will ever forget who saw it once.

"At a long way off up the slope, and issuing from the enemy's extreme left, appeared, slowly descending into sight, a dense column of infantry, marching with slow and solemn step, with banners flying and bayonets like a mirage of sunshine, or the illusion of a panorama. Behind this column, and in the same manner, appeared a column of cavalry, as wide as the first, and the two still pouring on, and on, and on, till one regiment had succeeded to the last. The first had passed the hill and passed, for one of its arms turned downward along the far slope of the hill, and, on the scene of the field there appeared, poured forth again, and commenced firing the same moment. Then, as the two columns were swelled into volume, till the ten regiments had grown into fifteen. Then, and not before, the men who were seeing in

THE HERO'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O'ER hills not where waters creep
Where not beady through the glen—
Softly and sadly should he be beheld
By all true hearts in sorrow's spell—
O'er hills where life turmoil sounds
Its trumpet on the mountain high,
And eagle-pinions sweep his grave,
Then moving round the sky!

II.

Upon his every stone lay
Well could mine his lofty rest,
And o'erlike the mounds of fame
Above his hallowed breast.
The sorrow's trump shall join our hymn
Of glory to his brave song!
The only shadow round shall be
From wings of eagles flung.

III.

Well sing how he in battle bent
Upon our King his shining eye,
And with his last breath cried "The cause
For ours dear Land to die!"
Then slowly from that towering grave
We will descend the mountain-bare,
And leave him with the hazel crown,
The torrent and the stars!

THE TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. SIDNEY S. LANSFORD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE INTERVIEW.

Clara had not been long in her room before Mrs. Arnold knocked and entered. Advancing to Clara with a face expressive of deep sympathy, she kissed her, and sat regarding her in silence for some time.

"Sweet friend," she said at last, "forgive me if I have forgotten your distress in my own trouble."

Clara's reply was a fresh burst of tears.

"Your secret, Ely, told me all last night. I promised her that I would request the General to grant you an interview."

"Oh, my dear, my beloved friend, will you indeed request this for me? If you do, then I will bless you with my latest breath."

"I will—would that I could do more. How gladly would I try to save him altogether, if that were possible. But I dare not mention it. As true as God lives, if it were possible, I would sacrifice myself to save him for you. But the guard is close and the prison is strong, and no earthly power can now save him."

"But this interview? Can I see him? Whom?"

"Soon—yes, even now, Clara, dearest—even now!"

"Now?"

"Yes. The General has come. He has told me all. I knew it would be so. I told him about you. He was moved at the story of your grief, and consented at once. I say at once, but this could be granted you."

"Blessings on your kind and loving heart. I will never forget your goodness."

"Do not talk of it. But come hence, now, so that you may have all the more time to spend with him whom you love."

It needed no more than this to hasten Clara. In a moment the announced herself ready.

Mrs. Arnold went with her. They entered a boat and passed over to West Point, where Harry was now confined.

In the solitude of his prison he had given himself up to every gloomy thought. The short respite which had been allowed seemed rather a curse than a blessing.

"Better to die at once," he cried, "and end it all, than to perpetuate from day to day this unendurable grief.

"Oh, Clara! oh, my love! where art thou? What crushing violence will the blow summon up when I think on you! Your loving, your truth, your constancy, will all be so many curses to add to your inconsolable grief."

Hour after hour he paced the floor of his prison. Calmness, resignation, endurance were impossible to his firm, vivid nature of Gothic mould.

Suddenly a knock came at his door. He heard the rattle of keys. But he paid no attention. He turned not even when the door opened.

But a soft sounded behind him. He started. He turned.

"Oh, Heavens! Clara!"

With a cry of agony, his dear love rushed to his arms.

They were alone.

In silence they clung to one another, for what were words, in such affliction as this which now crushed them down.

Harry pressed her convulsively to his throbbing heart, now did he ask when, or how, or why she had come; one only feeling filled his heart—one only thought—and that was that she was here.

At last Clara stammered into voice, and broke the long silence.

"He pressed you—he cried you—the very judge who was the true criminal."

"You know all, then."

"Do you, then, know it also?"

"Ah, too well!"

"Why, then, did you not tell it all?"

Thereupon Harry told her all the story of that eventful night, when in the tree, he had sought to see her first, and heard the plot of the traitor.

"My every soul hastened to never out of my thoughts," murmured Clara. "Oh, what would I give to recall the past few hours!"

"Nothing. Let all be forgotten."

"But they swore to me, and I believed them. When my own father, whom I trusted, charged you with the basest of crimes, could I think that he perjured himself?—and I believed him, though my heart was broken!"

Harry listened in unfeigned amazement. He had never known the cause of Clara's estrangement. At thousand conflicting emotions agitated his breast as he now, for the first time, learned all.

"Ah!" he cried, "I understand now. Before it was all a mystery. Gentle lovers you; that explains all."

"If, and no other, is at the bottom of this dark plot. He, and no other, has caught up these slight and trivial circumstances, to weave them into one horrible chain of guilt, from which there can be no escape."

"His power is vast. He is a mystery. He is in league with this arch traitor, and is his right hand in his treason. What he asks of Arnold must be granted. And that is why the General is so inflexible in his hostility to me. I see all now, though I never suspected it before."

Clara did not wish to pain him by telling him of Gondo's violence, but his eager questioning drew all from her. Nothing could exceed his fury, his ungovernable rage.

"Ah!" he cried, "now I lament that I must die! Could I but live one week—but three days, even—I would wrest upon me head of this demon a vengeance that was never known before."

Clara entreated him to be calm, at least for the short time in which they could be together.

"Now," continued Temple, as more and more rigid seemed to break upon his mind; "now I understand many things which before were mysterious. You—this Triad, these Indians, Arnold, Gondo—all are one."

"I saw the body of Poole, and at the next turn I met with Gondo. He had gone on before me, fresh from his horrible work. He is the murderer."

"All the blood that has been shed by the Tribal rests upon his head. Oh, that I too should die by him, and have none to avenge me. Could I raise my voice so as to be believed, how gladly could I die. But if I now told these things, they would be regarded as the ravings of a madman or the malicious lies of a desperate criminal.

"Every plot, every treason, must have wide arms to reach through communities, and draw support to itself. It is thus that Arnold has sought to betray his country.

"Where are you now?" said Temple, abruptly changing his theme. "Where do you stay?"

"At Arnold's house."

"Arnold's?"

"Where else can I go?"

"Alas! nowhere. But do you not see that you are in Gondo's power?"

"No," cried Clara; "he dare not harm me here. Mrs. Arnold is my true and loving friend, and no evil can befall me."

"But in any plan against you so as to seize you?"

"Impossible!"

"Alas! this man has many resources."

"And if he did succeed, I have one resource," cried Clara.

"What?"

With flushed face and kindling eyes, she put

A FATAL ADVENTURE.

her hand in her breast, and drew forth a gleaming stiletto.

"There," said she, "is my refuge, when all others fail."

Temple looked at her in silence. The lofty heroism and cherished spirit which Clara had of late displayed, expressed him into new admiration.

"My glorious Clara!" he cried. "But watch, I implore you. Do not place yourself in danger. See that Mrs. Arnold is not separated from you."

"Alas! dear Clara," he added, after a little difference to me what shall become of me."

"Hush, don't talk in this way. You have one other friend, have you not?"

"Yes; Ely."

"By what you have told me she seems true."

"True to death."

"Do not let her be removed."

"Never. But I am afraid something has happened to her."

"What?"

"She has gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, I cannot find her. She has disappeared in the night. I had a half-asking dream of her singing my Scotch ballad, and kissing me farewell."

"Heavens!" cried Harry, "this must be Gondo's work."

Clara looked troubled, but said nothing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MESSENGER FROM THE END.

Night came on again.

Near the beach, by Arnold's house, there was a sentry, whose right hand

It was an Indian woman. She stood in the shade, her head bent, her knees drooping, her arms, and again looked up towards the window of the room where Clara was sleeping, murmuring.

"My child! my child!"

After a time there came over the water the sound of the measured stroke of oars. A boat came slowly into view, and gradually neared the shore. The woman, with a sudden fierceness, who walked up toward a grove that lay near the house.

Here he gave a peculiar whistle.

Soon a figure appeared. It was a man, who was enveloped in a voluminous cloak.

"Well, Smith, my good fellow," said the man, "you are true to time."

"Yes, General."

"You are an enterprising fellow, and, of course, would like to make a little money during these hard times."

"Yes, General, I would so."

"There's no risk whatever."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I don't want to run any risk if I can help it."

"Besides, you know I can give you ample protection."

"Yes, General."

"Well, listen. You are the British man-of-war, the Vulture. On board of that is a man who wishes to get out in a business speculation. The profits will be thousands of pounds. I will be able to secure this man who helps me. I like you, and am willing to give you the preference in this matter. Not much risk, you say?"

"What is it?"

"To take a letter to the Vulture, and bring this business agent on shore, to a place at the foot of the hill at Long Cove, six miles below Stony Point."

The man was silent.

"There's no risk."

"Isn't there though. If I'm seen on the Sound, I'll be shot at, and if I'm caught, I'll be hanged for a spy."

"Pooh, you're a coward. You'll not be seen if you row quietly, and therefore can't be fired at. As to being caught there's no danger of that. No one will be as Long Cove except myself and the business man, and, even then, even if you were, I will give you passes and certificates which will remove all suspicion. You know I can refer here. You can't be harmed without my permission."

"That is true, General," said the man, with greater confidence; then, after a pause he added, "It does seem easy too. I don't know but what I ought to try it."

"You'll be a fool if you don't," said Arnold.

"And you think if I row quietly I won't be seen."

"Certainly not. It will be impossible."

"Then I will do it. But what will I get?"

"Almost any amount you wish. Here is something to begin with."

He handed the man a purse full of gold.

The man took it with an eager hand. "That is something like business," he said.

"You see I am afloat to be liberal," said Arnold. "This speculation will bring me the wealth of a kingdom. You will have more than you ever dreamed of, if it succeeds. I'll go to your house and sun from there by land."

"Then there's no doubt about it. I'll go," said Smith.

"But don't breathe a word about it; if you do I will have to postpone it, and then I will get some one else. Besides if you disappoint me now, I'll make you rue it till your dying day." Arnold's voice grew stern and fierce as he uttered this threat.

"Never fear, General. I am not such a fool as to throw away this chance. It's not many such that come to a poor devil like me."

"Here, then," said Arnold, "is the letter that you are to take. It's merely a request to a person to accompany you."

"Never fear, I am afraid something has happened to her."

"What?"

"She has gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, I cannot find her. She has disappeared in the night. I had a half-asking dream of her singing my Scotch ballad, and kissing me farewell."

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A FATAL ADVENTURE.

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"Yes; Ely."

"By what you have told me she seems true."

"True to death."

"Do not let her be removed."

"Never. But

forward. He seemed to be very suspicious. He asked Smith his name, and cornered him with a thousand questions. But Smith answered everything with promptness.

"It's all right," said Smith. "You needn't be so particular. I have a pass from General Arnold."

"Oh, you have, have you? By the way, how far are you going to-night?"

"As far as Major Strong's or Colonel Drake's."

"What are you talking about?" said Boyd. "Don't you know that Strong is away from home and Drake has moved to another place?"

"No," said Smith.

"I'll trouble you to let me see that pass," said the captain.

Smith handed it to him at once.

The captain took it, and walked on with them for a little distance; but he kept them in sight. André trembled in deep anxiety, but finally the captain was satisfied, and allowed them to go on.

But he called Smith confidentially aside and, some way, began talking him over so completely to which Smith replied that they were going on urgent business, to meet a friend of General Arnold's, at White Plains, from whom they expected to receive important intelligence. The captain advised them not to go on that night, for the Boys were out, but urged them to stay all night at the house of Mr. Andrew Miller.

Smith told this to André, but he would not listen to it for a moment. Then he asked Captain Boyd, and they both argued with André. But André was not to be persuaded. He well knew that every moment was progressing with a thousand dangers.

He asked Boyd which was the safest road to White Plains, to which Boyd replied that the North Castle road was the safest, for the Cow Boys were out on the other Tarrytown road. This André bore in mind carefully.

Smith had been ended the company by declaring that he could go no further this night, and that he, at least, would stop at Miller's.

There was no help for it, so André had to consent. They slept in the same bed, but André did not close his eyes all night. Every time his heart beat, every noise startled him, every sound seemed to herald his discovery. But the night passed safely, and in the morning they resumed their journey, until they arrived near Pine's Bridge, where Smith bade André farewell and returned.

Some hours after André had left Miller's house, the sound of rapidly galloping arose on the road, and a party of horsemen rode up to the house. At their head was a well built young figure, who rising to the horse which one bestrode, let open footing, for the first world, which looks streaming behind her.

"Where are the travellers that stopped here last night?" asked the leader.

"Gone—Captain Boyd—"

"When did they go?"

"Several hours ago."

"Several hours? They must be a great distance ahead of us."

"Oh, yes."

"And they'll keep ahead. There's no use going any further. We can't catch them."

"Gone!" screamed the Indian woman, "Gone!"

"Yes—why?"

"He's a British spy!" cried she.

"Nonsense! That's what this thing says, but that's all nonsense."

"It's true as Heaven!"

"Why, I tell you I saw his pass. It was signed by General Arnold."

"Arnold, too, is a traitor!"

"Come, come," said Boyd, with a sneer, "we've been led on a nice errand by this red squaw. Let's hurry back."

The woman seemed crushed. Slowly and silently she walked on. Raising her thin arms on high, she cried, in piercing tones:

"Oh, God! gone! escaped! Lost! all lost! Is it thus that I am cheated of vengeance?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAY OF ALGOBY.

Three was a place in the road where the way divided and led off in two directions.

Here André came to a pause. It was the crisis of his fate.

Not yet had he escaped from the fear that filled his soul. A dread gloom overshadowed him. Like an avenging Nemesis, that Liberty which he had plotted to destroy now seemed to hurl down ruin and retribution upon his guilty head.

At the fork of the road he came to a pause.

One led to White Plains, into the interior of the country.

The other led along the banks of the Hudson.

Smith had advised him to take the left hand road, as it was much less disturbed. He had also remembered what Captain Boyd told him about the Cow Boys who had out on the Tarrytown road.

The Cow Boys were Royalists; they were not at all scrupulous as to whom they plundered, but still this American suffered chiefly from their depredations. At the very worst André thought he would have but little to fear from them.

He therefore decided to take the Tarrytown road.

Then for had he gone on his dread journey, and had passed unscathed through a thousand perils. Upon that lone traveller depended the safety of America. He was the only one who had the key to a stronghold from which the traveler could strike a crushing and disastrous blow upon her.

But a stronger than human power was guarding the new-born hope of freedom and watching over the destinies of our glorious country. When the power, then watchfulness, and the jealous vigilance of the cause of liberty had been all frustrated, the hearts of a few simple young farmers were inspired by a kind of divine impulse, which led them forth to watch on that road, and on that day.

John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, for their names be remembered forever in the annals of a grateful country.

It was on Saturday morning, the twenty-third of September, that these men walked on the side of the road, about a mile and a half above Tarrytown.

They had come out with the intention of stopping and examining travellers. How the plan originated they could not explain. The dream mind will recognize it as a direct inspiration on High.

From eight o'clock they had waited until about half past nine, when their attention was directed to a traveller.

"See," said one of them to Paulding, "there comes a gentleman-like looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you do not better step out and stop if you don't know him."

Paulding rose, and advancing into the road, waited for the traveller. As soon as he came up he presented his gun at his breast and said:

"Stand!"

The traveller obeyed.

Paulding then inquired where he was going.

"Gentlemen," said the traveller, "I hope you belong to our party."

"What party?"

"The Lower party."

"Yes, we do."

"I am a British officer," said the traveller, "out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute."

Saying this he pulled out his watch.

The young men noticed the action, but whether it was intended as a bribe or not the officer, or to bribe them to let him pass, they did not stop to consider.

"Discount," said Paulding.

"Search him," said they, saying:

"My God! I must do anything to get along. See! I lay on my parole as a gentleman. Search!"

"A pass?" said they: "Let us look." Upon this they were searching.

"Gentlemen," continued the officer, "you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the General's business. I am going to Dobbs's Ferry, to meet a person there, on business intelligence for General Arnold."

"I thought you said you were a British officer. It is not very likely that General Arnold would send such a British officer to do his business. I hope you will not be offended. We do not mean to take anything from you, but there are a great many bad people who are going along the road, and how do we know but perhaps you may be one."

André was silent.

"What is your name?" inquired Paulding.

"John Anderson."

"Don't you see that your statements don't harmonize exactly?" said Paulding. "You should indeed be mad if we were now to let you go after you have given us so many different cues as so many."

"I did not say I was an enemy," said André.

"You said you belonged to the lower party, and I said that I was a British officer. My object was to go on without delay. I have nothing more to offer to you. If you had said that you were American, it would have been a different thing."

"You must submit to an examination," said Paulding. "If you are what you say you will not object; you will only fine if you are an honest man. So step into the bushes with us, and still examine whether you have any dangerous papers about you."

At these words a cold chill passed through André's frame—he was lost! he knew but one.

They took him in behind the bushes, and ordered him to pull off his clothes.

He did so.

One by one they searched his garments, but failed to find anything whatever. André presented his stockings to them as well as the rest, and only remarked that they would find nothing.

He did not even look at them, and these short searchers soon noticed this.

"Take off your boots," said Paulding.

André hesitated.

"Think's the use?" said he.

"No matter. Take them off."

He slowly took off one boot.

They searched it, but found nothing.

"Take off the other."

He did so.

They found nothing in the boot. But nothing could escape the keen gaze of these men. They noticed something about his stocking.

"Take off your stockings," said they, ominously.

He was lost!

He took off his stocking. The men seized the papers with avidity. They were, indeed, fearful papers.

"Good God!" cried they, as the whole truth burst upon them; "General Arnold himself!"

"Arnold, too, is a traitor!"

But they were not yet satisfied. Forcing him to put on his other stocking, they found there three more papers.

All was known.

They forced out these papers and read the contents, and gradually saw all the blight and depth, and length and breadth of that fearful scheme of treachery.

In low-muttered words they expressed to one another their deep emotions of horror and astonishment.

At length they turned to their prisoner. He was deadly pale—despair reigned in his heart.

They told him to put on his clothes, and in silence he dressed himself.

They all looked at him in silence.

Williams spoke first.

"What would you give us to let you go?"

André's eye flashed with hope. Still, he was dumb, all dawned before him again as this question.

"Any sum of money," he said, "that you can name."

"Would you give us your horse, saddle, bridle and watch?"

"Yes."

"Would you add a hundred guineas to them?"

"Yes, and more than that. I will send a letter to my place that you mention, even if it is three miles off."

"Would you not give us more?"

"More! Yes, anything. I will give you any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and I will give you my word that I will send to you any place upon, so that you may be sure to get it."

Paulding then looked earnestly at him, and spoke in serious spoke:

"Sir, all this would be nothing. No, if you were to give us ten thousand guineas we should not stir one step."

Then the long bridge of lingering hope died out utterly in André's heart, and he saw that all was indeed lost.

TO BE CONTINUED IN ONE NEXT.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, produces faintness, diminishes the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Sorrow spurs the heart into a gallop, and then leaves it in exhaustion. Violent commands, and hundreds of hopes are blasted by a single word. Anger has often killa the body at a stroke: Odin, Diogenes, and Stephens died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The door-keeper of Corneille died suddenly at the representation of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of the most animated burst of eloquence, or when the deep attention of their audience was hushed to a dead silence. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard the tragical story of Calas, which he had composed was adjudged to murder.

MORAL EVIL.—We remember once being in company with a venerable and distinguished clergyman, when a forward young man asked him, "Pray, sir, what do you think of the existence of moral evil?" "Sir, I never think about it," he said; "I know nothing about it. I know there is a remedy for it; and there, sir, all my knowledge begins, and all my knowledge ends."

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

AMONG THE SENORAS.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Stretched upon the greensward, under the lashing shade of the *Acacia* of Solitude, were a group of volunteer soldiers. Their features, still pale from recent confinement, and the sickness and privation of their exile, with here and there a bandaged limb exposed to view, told that they were some of those unlucky fellows, now convalescent from wounds received a few weeks before upon the bloody field of Buena Vista.

They were all young men, and it was plain to see that they claimed the far-off North as their native land. Their every look, from their countenance, that at that moment their thoughts were many miles distant from them. They had been permitted, for the first time, to leave the hospital, to inhale in this beautiful grove, the pure, to unite a present there, an unwonted delight for General Arnold."

"I thought you said you were a British officer. It is not very likely that General Arnold would send such a British officer to do his business. I hope you will not be offended. We do not mean to take anything from you, but there are a great many bad people who are going along the road, and how do we know but perhaps you may be one."

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"Don't you see that your statements don't harmonize exactly?" said Paulding. "You should indeed be mad if we were now to let you go after you have given us so many different cues as so many."

"I did not say I was an enemy," said André.

"You said you belonged to the lower party, and I said that I was a British officer. My object was to go on without delay. I have nothing more to offer to you. If you had said that you were American, it would have been a different thing."

"You must submit to an examination," said Paulding. "If you are what you say you will not object; you will only fine if you are an honest man. So step into the bushes with us, and still examine whether you have any dangerous papers about you."

At these words a cold chill passed through André's frame—he was lost! he knew but one.

They took him in behind the bushes, and ordered him to pull off his clothes.

He did so.

One by one they searched his garments, but failed to find anything whatever. André presented his stockings to them as well as the rest, and only remarked that they would find nothing.

He did not even look at them, and these short searchers soon noticed this.

"Take off your boots," said Paulding.

André hesitated.

"Think's the use?" said he.

"No matter. Take them off."

He slowly took off one boot.

They searched it, but found nothing.

"Take off the other."

He did so.

They found nothing in the boot. But nothing could escape the keen gaze of these men. They noticed something about his stocking.

"Take off your stockings," said they, ominously.

He was lost!

He took off his stocking. The men seized the papers with avidity. They were, indeed, fearful papers.

"Good God!" cried they, as the whole truth burst upon them; "General Arnold himself!"

"Arnold, too, is a traitor!"

But they were not yet satisfied. Forcing him to put on his other stocking, they found there three more papers.

All was known.

They forced out these papers and read the contents, and gradually saw all the blight and depth, and length and breadth of that fearful scheme of treachery.

In low-muttered words they expressed to one another their deep emotions of horror and astonishment.

At length they turned to their prisoner. He was deadly pale—despair reigned in his heart.

They told him to put on his clothes, and in silence he dressed himself.

They all looked at him in silence.

Williams spoke first.

"What would you give us to let you go?"

André's eye flashed with hope. Still, he was dumb, all dawned before him again as this question.

"Any sum of money," he said, "that you can name."

"Would you give us your horse, saddle, bridle and watch?"

"Yes."

"Would you add a hundred guineas to them?"

"Yes, and more than that. I will send a letter to my place that you mention, even if it is three miles off."

"Would you not give us more?"

"More! Yes, anything. I will give you any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and I will give you my word that I will send to you any place upon, so that you may be sure to get it."

Paulding then looked earnestly at him, and spoke in serious spoke:

"Sir, all this would be nothing. No, if you were to give us ten thousand guineas we should not stir one step."

Then the long bridge of lingering hope died out utterly in André's heart, and he saw that all was indeed lost.

TO BE CONTINUED IN ONE NEXT.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, produces faintness, diminishes the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Sorrow spurs the heart into a gallop, and then leaves it in exhaustion. Violent commands, and hundreds of hopes are blasted by a single word. Anger has often killa the body at a stroke: Odin, Diogenes, and Stephens died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The door-keeper of Corneille died suddenly at the representation of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of the most animated burst of eloquence, or when the deep attention of their audience was hushed to a dead silence. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard the tragical story of Calas, which he had composed was adjudged to murder.

MORAL EVIL.—We remember once being in company with a venerable and distinguished clergyman, when a forward young man asked him, "Pray, sir, what do you think of the existence of moral evil?" "Sir, I never think about it," he said; "I know nothing about it. I know there is a remedy for it; and there, sir, all my knowledge begins, and all my knowledge ends."

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

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haven of repose only, when Frank Sprague, who was in advance, stopped suddenly in the path, and throwing himself upon the ground, motioned us to follow his example.

"What's up now, Frank?" I inquired, as I stretched myself by his side.

"Look yonder, Harry; we have holed the cutthroats! That rancho is full of greasers; and over yonder, in the corral, beyond the houses, are our horses! Don't you see? there's the captain's mare; and there's Bill Brown's horse; and there's your gray Poutine, and all the rest of them!"

I looked in the direction the sergeant indicated, and there, sure enough, were all our stolen horses and the animals poor Holman and his companions had ridden away from the camp, in pursuit of the thieves.

"Besides these, there were in another corral some scores of Mexican horses, whose backs still wet with saddle marks, plainly showed that they had just been ridden there.

"I tell you, boys," said Frank, 'the rancho is full of greasers. They are doubtless some of the gang of Cassino' cutthroat guerillas; and it was they who stole our horses and murdered our friends. Now, you know we must have our revenge, and accordingly the death of the two. But there are only nine of us, while to Judge by the number of horses we see in the corral, there are more than three times that number of greasers——"

"Well, what of that, sergeant? we all are electrified, impatiently. "I wish one there to ease, or even twice that number! We can whip them, and we will!"

"Hold, boys! Tut, we could whip them easily enough in a fair fight, but you forget that we are greatly the advantage of us, in the prosecution of these strong stolen walls. We must have recourse to stratagem, and not attack in open daylight. So let us creep cautiously among the thickets to the rear, and by the light of the moon give them the best we have!"

This was the common spout in consultation. It was agreed to secrete ourselves till darkness should favor us to come upon the enemy unawares. It was a wild and broken spot where we had halted to rest, and we had but little difficulty in finding a hiding-place, while at the same time we could command a full view of the rancho, and observe all that was going on outside the walls.

We were enough to satisfy us that it was in possession of a large body of guerillas, who had occupied it little less within the night, after preparing their evening meal. The brown bore of the rancho the dragoons were lying about in groups, which by no means diminished our determination to possess ourselves of the place, or make a desperate effort for it.

Fortunately for our plans, the moon rose and behind the mountains in a bank of clouds, and the brief twilight was succeeded by a darkness that favored us greatly in our approach unseen and to favor our attack.

The rancho stood at the hill on which we were, and surrounded by a low adobe wall, was the usual building of the country, with the rooms ranged to be occupied by the main party of guerillas, while the outbuildings of these beyond were occupied mostly by horses feeding upon the grain and corn.

We could look directly down upon the ranch, or flat roof, of the main building, which was reached from below by a narrow outside or back stairway. The plaza, like all Mexican adobe dwellings, was without windows, with only one large door to the room from within. By the side of this house was a low, thatched "lean-to," used for sundry conditions and by occupants as a kitchen or store-room. The access to the roof was by this way, and from that to the main building there was but a step. It was easy, then, to climb to the station.

Such was the scene we had reconnoitered from our hiding-place, and our mode of attack was planned accordingly.

Soon as the lines were extinguished in the ranch, and we were satisfied that the greasers, drunken wearied from a hard day's ride, had retired to their beds, we gave the signal for the execution.

Leaving us we wrapped our revolvers and carbines, and then, filling our haversacks with small cotton bags filled with sand, we left our horses in the hill, we directed our course cautiously, and in single file, to the rear building. With a little trouble we reached the outbuilding, ascended in roof, and from the passageway climbed to the centre of the large building.

Ascertaining that we had all reached the roof, Frank Sprague whispered: "Now, boys, we'll soon clear the rancho of these rats; for unless they are more cowardly than greasers usually are, first fatico of these chaps on their heads"—tapping his haversack—"will send them howling and swarming to the clingers. They'll think the days of independence has come upon them with a big hail. Now for the trap!" And four of us, each with a ball of sand tied in handkerchief from its place to the roof. As we did so, a rush of feet, and a confused sound of drunken brawling, told us that the room below was full and in high revelry.

"Wake 'em up now, boys, with a touch of Cassino's compliments!" cried Frank Sprague, as we lowered over the opening, each hand armed with a cotton bag.

The sergeant's voice was drowned in a will Indian yell from every throat of us; and as before the startled and bewildered greasers had time to realize their danger, we dashed our hands have taken as for Comanches, and that's the way we scalp all our foes. They'll not soon get to number nine-mates till they've put at least a mile of prairie between them and us.

"At this moment the head dice of the moon, which had been veiled by the clouds, emerged to view, and her light showed that the streets of the rancho were clear; and in the distance, from the rear of the deserted chapparal, could be seen the panic-stricken guerillas, in bundling retreat, and at a long enough to secure us from attack, which were still scattered in the corrals, as we had first seen them.

"Again the clouds crept over the moon, and we were left more securely to ourselves.

And as we could not gather up our horses and leave the camp till the return of daylight, we started forth in a body to reconnoiter the place, to see what the supplies we could find.

Still, to keep up the deception, we imitated the wild whoop of the savages, with which the poor greasers were too familiar, for they had usually suffered from their awful visitations.

"We were passing a low, but strong building, partially fortified, as many of the dwellings usually are in a Mexican village, when to our great surprise, we were hailed by a discharge of escopets directed upon us from loop holes cut through the adobes. Fortunately the guns were badly aimed, and the shots rushed against the opposite building, above our heads, and fell harmlessly at our feet.

"We lost no time, but before they could give us another round, made a rush to the door of the house, where covered by the thick walls, we would be less exposed to the shots from within. Shrill, however, rises in possession of the house continued to blaze away at random, in a manner that satisfied us that though they were very skillful soldiers, they were well supplied with ammunition, and were determined to keep us at bay.

"What could we do? They were safely protected behind their walls—our weapons were useless, almost as we were, and after a hurried consultation, we concluded to leave the spot, and by waiting for the return of daylight, then decide upon some mode of routing the enemy from their stronghold.

"While in low tones we kept up our conversation, and were withdrawing along the walls, the Mexicans secured their fire, apparently listening to our words.

"'They are not *Comanches!* Oh! they are not Indios! they are *Americanos*—thanks to our Mother of God!' we heard, uttered in the soft tones of a woman's voice. And then we heard the same musical voice addressed to some one within:

"'Speak to them Señor! They are your own countrymen, I'm sure! Oh, thanks be to the Blessed Virgin I that we are not those terrible Comanches! We and our darlings are now safe! Speak to them, Señor, I pray you!'

"And then we heard a feeble, but manly voice, in English, replying to the words spoken:

"'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Frank Sprague, 'that voice is Walter Weir's! Comrades, rejoice, and no fires! Ten! yes! Lieutenant!' he cried, 'we are friends, and we've come in search of you! But how came you here? We thought we had driven all the greasers from the country!'

"And so you have, for aught we know, boys,' was heard in reply; 'but these are the Señoras Ricardo here.'

"While this hurried conversation was carried on, the door was unbarred, and returning to it, we discovered that we were in the midst of the Mexican women and *girls;* while wounded and helpless, were in a corner of the room, by our young Lieutenant. His story was soon told as given him little party of guerillas by the guerillas, and his companions murdered, he was badly wounded, and taken prisoner to the house of Don Juan, where his captors in revenge for the loss of many of their band, were about to put him to death. He was, however, arrested by the women of the house, who took him to seek keeping from the guerillas, to the house where we found him. Here they stood guard over him, threatening vengeance at a respectful distance, and being well armed with the weapons of the slain guerillas, they had succeeded in keeping themselves off, were prepared to defend themselves against the supposed Indian whom the rascals fled so promptly from the place.

"Such was the conclusion of the story, as he resumed the crutch he had thrown among the flowers. Then we met a specimen of the Mexican women, God bless them! When daylight came, they had prepared a meal for us, and had *tortillas, and chocolate* for us, which you better believe we did justice to; and when the sun was three hours high, we rode into our little camp with every scalp on our heads, and every animal lieutenant suspended in a comfortable litter between a couple of the gentlest of them. So much for *las Senoras!*"

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY G. P. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SEARCHER OF SECRETS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

Now you his hearers dwell in Jaffa,
And he in Ramah far away,
Yet once a year beneath the palms of Jaffa
He and his friend passengers received.
Sermon.

Our readers will remember the interview between Carlisse and her admirer, Lord St. Leonards, in the park, or how the latter was displayed off the vanity of the youthful peer to obtain the information he required. The boldness was one of those empty-headed coxcombs who believe in female virtue, on the same principle as the tiger-mont persons refuse to acknowledge the great verities of science simply because they cannot comprehend them. The young Peer's capital, he felt assured, only wanted an excuse to make the fair Carlisse surrender herself, and he looked upon as half won already.

The latter was, and was not, as she had resisted his offers so long, but that she had resisted them at all had awakened in the young nobleman's breast a vague hope. Had she been highly born, or even rich, he could never readily have entertained it; but poor—oddsbloms! What right had poverty to be squeamish?

Such, unfortunately, are the opinions of too many of the upper ranks of fashionable society, which experience, skimming the scum floating on society's surface, is too apt to mistake for truth. To remain purely, even in the humblest walks of life, is a task of difficulty, and to do so in the midst of the grossest depravity, a miracle. Hence the fallacy of the ballet girl at the monument were of one whom his lordship would have been ashamed to have seen with him in the park, who, in every noble and manly quality, was infinitely superior to the worthless lord at her heart.

Throwing the reins to one of his grooms, he sprang from the carriage and joined her.

"Lord St. George! by appointment, I hope, in the greatest astonishment.

"Dined at the mess; couldn't get away sooner, my honor. Hope you have not been waiting for me long!"

"Waiting! waiting for you!"

"Anything, my sweetest girl—anything to atone!"

So completely ridiculous did the vanity of the speaker appear, that Carlisse could scarcely refrain herself from laughing in his face. A feeling of contempt was the last she entertained.

"It is almost absurd to ask the question," she replied, "but does your lordship really imagine I came here to meet you?"

"Of course I do, after our meeting in the park."

"Accident!" exclaimed Carlisse, coloring

slightly, for it was not quite so accidental, as our readers are aware.

"At least," she added, with genuine love of truth, "my finding your lordship's there."

"You came to look for me, then?"

"Yes."

The poor gave his mustache another twirl, and attempted to steal his arm round her waist. It was repulsed with an energy he little expected, after such an avowal.

"And now, my lord," continued Clarisse, "I will tell you why I walked in the park, why I wished to meet you. I wanted the address of Madame's place at Brompton, and knew you could give it to me."

"But it was to meet me there, my sweet—"

"It was to rescue my friend, Clara Clare, from the hands of an unprincipled woman, who would sacrifice her to a man still more unprincipled than herself."

"In other words," exclaimed her admirer, in a tone of mortification, "you come to myself, me?"

The dauseuse made him one of her prettiest courtesies.

"To make me ridiculous," added the gentleman.

"Your lordship endures it so well," replied the bullet-girl, with a satirical smile, "and remains more or less—"

"Dumb cry, Mademoiselle."

Clarisse made him a second courtesy.

"Did it never strike you," added the lord ship, wincing mortification at discovering that he had been played with was gradually giving way to rage, "that the game might prove dangerous?"

"Never!"

"But I might resent it?"

"By some duel?"

"Beating you!" repeated the poor. "I am a gentleman."

"I am glad of that," replied Clarisse, somewhat less gratefully. "Then I am protected by a woman, I thought it possible you were only a lord."

By this time the curricle had overtaken them. Its master and something like a French to the servants—two of them sprang from the seat, and, clasping the bullet-girl round the waist, attempted to force her into the carriage, which, after a violent effort, it accomplished.

The shrieks which alarmed Adam Hayes were explained.

The vehicle was still in sight when the gallant fellow leaped the hedge, with the speed of a deer he followed it, and soon succeeded in seizing the hind-wheels of the horses.

"Drive over the rascal," shouted Lord Bridgeage; "what does the fellow mean?"

The coachman looked down at him—it was a strong arm that held them.

"Save me, Adam! save me!" cried Clarisse, and at the same instant the voices of Harold and his friend were heard.

Desperate at the thought of being disappointed of his victim, his lordship sought to wrench from the hand of the coachman, and, with the butt end, struck to strike Adam over the head with it; one or two blows reached him, still the gallant fellow held on.

The shrieks of the bullet girl were changed for cries of murder.

"Did you hear that?" demanded our hero.

"I dare not leave Clara," replied Clara, who still held the half fainting girl in his arms.

"Murder! help, help!"

The young farmer drew a pistol—he had come armed—from his pocket, and glanced in the head of Adam, who, cool and collected—as the courageous generally are in the moment of danger—hastened to the assistance of Adam, who sank at last beneath the blows his brutal assailant showered upon his unprotected head.

"Drive on!" shouted his lordship; "hath the horses!"

A group flew as the first, but quickened by a cooler judgment, continued and closed over Hayes upon their homicide.

Again his noble owner attempted to use the butt-end of his whip, striking wildly and at random; one blow saw the danger, and he struck his knife, cut the traces.

The terrified animals, finding themselves free suddenly released, galloped frantically down the lane, and quickly disappeared, leaving the carriage and its master mitigated.

"By what right, sir," demanded the poor, laughingly, "do you presume to commit this outrage?"

In the excitement the speaker had alighted from the curricle, and Clarisse was left only to the guard of the servant who had first seized her.

"The right of manhood," replied Harold.

"Prize!"

"I thought you would not understand the answer when I gave it," said our hero; "a question of outrage, you who, to all appearance, are a murderer, so cowardly assault me."

He pointed to the body of Adam as he spoke.

"The fellow can't be much hurt," replied his friend.

"At any rate, I shall not part with you till I have ascertained the extent of his injuries."

The hackney coach drove up to the horseless curricle, and Tom Mayfield, leaving Clara under the care of the driver, alighted, and, undertaking the odds, in the event of a contest, more equal.

One blow from his strong fist proved sufficient to induce the fellow who detained Clarisse to release his group. The poor girl sprang to the ground, and was being hurried by the side of her cousin, raised his head upon her lap.

The features were disfigured by blood.

"They have murdered him," she sobbed, "cousin—first cousin!"

A faint groan was the first intimation that the spirit of the gallant fellow had not yet fled.

"Remain with the carriage," said Lord Bridgeage, addressing the servants; "I will speak you assistance as speedily as possible."

He seized upon his hat, and would have waited away without casting a glance upon the victim of his cowardly and brutal attack.

"I had best look sight of you," said Harold, facing him.

"Ridiculous!"

"You must answer to a magistrate."

"Upon what charge?"

"Murder, I fear; but, at best, for a most wanton and damning outrage."

"Here is my card," exclaimed his lordship, tossing it towards the speaker. "Should you can read, I suppose? You will find that I am a peer."

"Were you a prince," said Tom, grasping him by the collar, "you should not escape with Adam Hayes is dying!"

His sensible rage to suspect that he had placed himself in an awkward position, and called loudly on his domestics to assist him. The men, being probably of the same opinion as their master, had prudently remained off, crept through the hedges that skirted the lane on either side, and disappeared as fast as their legs could carry them, in different directions.

Harold suggested the necessity of procuring surgical aid instantly. Clarisse and her cousin were placed in the hackney-coach.

"Have you any cups?" asked Tom.

The driver handed him several pieces which he was in the habit of using for securing luggage, &c.

With these the young farmer bound the arms and legs of Lord St. George in a manner that precluded all possibility of his escaping, and, despite his mighty remonstrance, secured him on the coach-box.

"Rascal, you shall repent this!" exclaimed the angry peer.

Tom made no reply—he was too brave to insult a defenceless man, however criminal.

The honest baker was wondering what could detain his nephew and daughter so long, when a cab drove up to the door.

"Susan," he exclaimed, in a reproachful tone, when he beheld the pitiable state to which Adam was reduced, "is this the way you keep your promises?"

The weeping girl would have kissed him, but he pushed her angrily away; it was the first time he had ever done so, and it cut her keenly.

"You are in error, sir," said Harold, gravely; "your daughter has acted nobly, most nobly. Any father might feel proud of her."

The old man regarded him doubtfully.

He has saved from destruction one as innocent and virtuous as herself."

"God bless her, sir, then!" murmured her father; "but she has nearly broken my heart."

Clarisse did not forget the words; they sunk into her own.

Adam was carefully removed into the house, and the most eminent surgeon in the neighborhood sent for.

He pronounced the injuries most serious, adding that, if inflammation did not arise, he had still probability would end fatally.

From the latter hope the coachman was directed, before they proceeded to Princess street, to drive to the police office in order that a warrant might deposit their prisoner, who remained all this time in custody of the men.

When Clarisse—we shall call her so for a time longer—had time for evidence would be necessary, she dried her tears, and declared herself ready to attend the justice.

"Perhaps to-morrow will do as well," observed our hero, who, from her agitation, and fancied the reaction of the terrible excitements of the morning.

"You need not spare me," she replied. "Remember I am a soldier's child, and was born—"

"Something day again!" murmured her father, despondingly.

This time, however, his thoughts had wronged her.

To the great indignation of the witnesses, the magistrate before whom Lord St. George was taken decided upon accepting heavy bail for his appearance to answer the charge. His lordship was not altogether wrong, as the family solicitor, who had been summoned, was of opinion that, over unjustifiable his lordship's conduct to attempt to carry off Clarisse, it was evident that he mistook Adam Hayes for a highwayman; that one was not clear that, from the absence of medical certificates, it was more than probable that the assault upon the latter had already been severely punished by the disgraceful exposure of his person to the public gaze.

The reporters appeared in high glee, and piled their pens right willingly—the affair promised to be a prodigious one indeed.

They were not mistaken, for Mr. Silvertongue, thereby after the magistrate's decision to accept bail, had a high satisfactory interview with them. Not a single report appeared in any of the morning papers.

Fame of matter, no doubt!

We have been silent on many similar occasions.

It was nearly midnight before the friends arrived in Princess street, and poor Clara felt so exhausted from the excitement of the morning's game, that she had to be carried by Tom into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Mayfield received her with smiles and tears. The worldly woman and fair mere keenly felt the one as a mortal pledge, even to herself, the absence of her lodger. As to Susan and Harry, they welcomed her as they would have welcomed a long-lost sister.

The dear word pronounced by the rescued girl was the name of her preserver.

Hannah, the maid-of-all-work, who stood at the foot of the sofa, crying and laughing alternately, was about to answer her, when the daughter of the picture-dealer interposed, fearful lest she should increase the agitation of her friend by informing her of the real state of Tottie.

"He has grieved much as your absence," she observed, "and appears miserable at the explanation we gave. You had better not see him now," she added, in a low tone, "for your sake; he has fallen into a profound sleep. It might disturb him."

"He is ill!" exclaimed the dauseuse. "I am grieved that he is ill; do not deceive me."

"He has been ill," said Mrs. Page, "but the worst is over now. You know, Clara, that I would not deceive you. You had better leave her," she whispered to Tom. "I'll take to such good nature as to comfort her. I'll like to such feelings, with womanly instinct, she had long since divined.

"Leave her?" repeated the young farmer—"never again!"

"Would you kill her?" remonstrated our hero, in an undertone.

Tom was mystified for more readily than entreaties or remonstrances would have done, and, impelled by the former, and by the mechanical of the suffering girl, he permitted Harold to lead him from the room.

"It beats a play all to nothing," exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, as she closed the parlor door after them. "There is no knowing what the world's coming to, and I'd like to catch some fine gentleman a-carrying on off! I'd turn him his mistress, that I would, if I was to be set-tuffed with glasses."

As to the state of our knowledge, no such status was ever made, we must leave our readers to imagine the nature of the process by which the strong-minded and strong-handed Hannah would have turned him into nothing.

Tom's first intention was, on quitting the house, to walk up and down the street all night, like a soldier on duty, to watch over the safety of Clara, and it was not without difficulty that his friend persuaded to forego the plan.

Captain Mansell, in full certain, would renew his dastardly attempt, and he was only females in the house. The dear girl would be carried off again, and he not there to protect her.

Gradually, Harold reasoned him out of his fears, and, by reminding him that everything his parents must be in, prevailed upon the restless lover to retire to rest.

"I have a sad misgiving," murmured Tom, as he swung his hat in parting.

"And I am without the slightest uneasiness," replied our hero. "Remember, if there are only females in the house, *our* door is a-close."

"They will not deceive Mrs. Page a second time," he added.

With which observation they separated—the speaker to Lombard street; the young farmer to the dairy at Islington.

Although the hour was so late, and Harold, now that the excitement had passed, felt fatiguingly exhausted, he could not retire to rest without ascertaining whether Mark Chambers had taken up his usual position. Partially drawing aside the curtain, he perceived the old man at the window, gazing intently on the whitened tree, on which the moonbeams reposed, buried in thought.

"Strange!" muttered the young man to himself; "every night the same. When can it mean? I suppose I shall find it out one day."

A few minutes afterwards, overcome by fatigue, Harold Mansell was sleeping soundly.

There is something glorious in the energy and elasticity of youth. A few hours' repose restore our hero to his lost strength, and he rose as the sound hour fresh and invigorated to labor.

When the porter's wife brought him his breakfast, there was an air of importance in her know-something smile upon her features, which, had he observed not been engrossed by the features of the preceding day, must have attracted his attention.

She lingered several minutes after arranging the table, in the expectation of being questioned; but, finding he took no notice of her, commenced speaking herself.

"Here I is there anything else, Mr. Mansell?" she began.

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you are well last night, sir?"

"Oh, yes, very well. Why do you ask?"

"Because, sir, you looked so strange and hesitatingly," that it, very particular—only I can't make it out."

"Indeed!"

"Old Mark, sir."

The tone broken, she proceeded to inform him that, shortly after banking-hours the preceding day, a gentleman—long all the appearance of a mechanic—had called and inquired for Mr. Mansell.

"I thought he never received visitors?" interrupted the gentleman.

"More he don't, Mr. Mansell."

"Friend, then, perhaps?"

"He hasn't any."

"A relative?"

The porter's wife shook her head. "Mark never had none, sir, that I knowed of, and he had ever heard on's besides, what should the man have been there for? Nothing and a bag of wire for?"

"Business! wires!" repeated Harold, greatly interested; "are you describe them?"

"Just such things as bell-hangers use. Our bare understood her.

This time, however, his thoughts had wronged her.

To the great indignation of the witnesses, the magistrate before whom Lord St. George was taken decided upon accepting heavy bail for his appearance to answer the charge. His lordship was not altogether wrong, as the family solicitor, who had been summoned, was of opinion that, over unjustifiable his lordship's conduct to attempt to carry off Clarisse, it was evident that he mistook Adam Hayes for a highwayman; that one was not clear that, from the absence of medical certificates, it was more than probable that the assault upon the latter had already been severely punished by the disgraceful exposure of his person to the public gaze.

The reporters appeared in high glee, and piled their pens right willingly—the affair promised to be a prodigious one indeed.

They were not mistaken, for Mr. Silvertongue, thereby after the magistrate's decision to accept bail, had a high satisfactory interview with them. Not a single report appeared in any of the morning papers.

Fame of matter, no doubt!

We have been silent on many similar occasions.

It was nearly midnight before the friends arrived in Princess street, and poor Clara felt so exhausted from the excitement of the morning's game, that she had to be carried by Tom into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Mayfield received her with smiles and tears. The worldly woman and fair mere keenly felt the one as a mortal pledge, even to herself, the absence of her lodger. As to Susan and Harry, they welcomed her as they would have welcomed a long-lost sister.

The dear word pronounced by the rescued girl was the name of her preserver.

Hannah, the maid-of-all-work, who stood at the foot of the sofa, crying and laughing alternately, was about to answer her, when the daughter of the picture-dealer interposed, fearful lest she should increase the agitation of her friend by informing her of the real state of Tottie.

"He has grieved much as your absence," she observed, "and appears miserable at the explanation we gave. You had better not see him now," she added, in a low tone, "for your sake; he has fallen into a profound sleep. It might disturb him."

"He is ill!" exclaimed the dauseuse. "I am grieved that he is ill; do not deceive me."

"He has been ill," said Mrs. Page, "but the worst is over now. You know, Clara, that I would not deceive you. You had better leave her," she whispered to Tom. "I'll take to such good nature as to comfort her. I'll like to such feelings, with womanly instinct, she had long since divined.

"Leave her?" repeated the young farmer—"never again!"

"Would you kill her?" remonstrated our hero, in an undertone.

Tom was mystified for more readily than entreaties or remonstrances would have done, and, impelled by the former, and by the mechanical of the suffering girl, he permitted Harold to lead him from the room.

"It beats a play all to nothing," exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, as she closed the parlor door after them. "There is no knowing what the world's coming to, and I'd like to catch some fine gentleman a-carrying on off! I'd turn him his mistress, that I would, if I was to be set-tuffed with glasses."

As to the state of our knowledge, no such status was ever made, we must leave our readers to imagine the nature of the process by which the strong-minded and strong-handed Hannah would have turned him into nothing.

Tom's first intention was, on quitting the house, to walk up and down the street all night, like a soldier on duty, to watch over the safety of Clara, and it was not without difficulty that his friend persuaded to forego the plan.

Captain Mansell, in full certain, would renew his dastardly attempt, and he was only females in the house. The dear girl would be carried off again, and he not there to protect her.

Gradually, Harold reasoned him out of his fears, and, by reminding him that everything his parents must be in, prevailed upon the restless lover to retire to rest.

"I have a sad misgiving," murmured Tom, as he swung his hat in parting.

"And I am without the slightest uneasiness," replied our hero. "Remember, if there are only females in the house, *our* door is a-close.

WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

BY MARY ULEMMER AMES.

We sate and waited for the boat,
One golden afternoon in June;
Her bows we voted for the boat,
And when it came, it came too soon.
We sate upon the grassy slope,
And murmuring low, talked long together,
Not of our meeting's faded hope,
Nor of the summer's past, but rather
Sat entranced for to aimless years,
On silvery calmness brought would float;
Our hot, faint flowerbells stirred with trees,
The while we waited for the boat.

We sate and waited for the boat;
The river, with a tender play,
Half coy, half eagerly would float
To the embraces of the bay;
Whose mightier being recently lay;
Then, with the noise heat, with sullen moans,
Fretted for the tidal wash of home
Swept through it from the morning ocean.

We sate and waited for the boat.
Now thoughts of river, bay or ocean
We sat nearly dying in the thread
Of the hot sunbeams, and the desolation
Was but the earlier grief that broke
Above our being's sunshine ocean.

We sate and waited for the boat;
And while we waited, we were wed;
And with the business's sweet spell,
It into you from my life forever.
The wind beat mild down the river.
Away through the sunny summer weather,
Reversed on the footsteps of the years,
I watched you leave my life forever!
One left, we could not go together!
Alone, I wait another boat,
And still 'tis sunny summer weather;
The shimmering axle of shadows float
Across the purple hills of heather!
Under their shadow runs the street.
Flecked all over with fluttering white
Of summer hampers which race together.
Or those sad dreams with the sleeping gales.
The summer hampers are gaily laden,
All aglitter are to the summer sight;
Laden with lover, laden with maiden,
Rolling and singing our dooming of pain.
They sing and sail, dipping jewelled fingers
In the wine of the sunny weather.
The sun and more of their waves keeps
Touch in the water flashed out fair;
The dripping gold of the sunset lingers
Glinting with glory their every hair.

Oh, the summer hampers go by unladen below,
Laden with lover, laden with maiden,
All sailing away in the sunny weather
All sailing and singing our dooming of pain.
Sailing away through the summer weather
With souls so gay for they need not serve,
With souls so glad for they go together!

Alone I wait an unsure boat,
Swift sailing down a sunless river;
It stirless the shore, and the spirit sate
Waiting for me since my being arose.
I shall not down down this sunless river,
Away from the summer weather,
I shall not hear the oars rather,
Though I have no fears nor hope and life forever,
Beloved, would you go together.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Few persons know anything about the horrors of a bridgeward and bombarded city. We shall attempt to describe a few of the scenes at Vera Cruz during its investment by the American army. From the despatches of General Scott, we learn the leading features of the investment, its position and numbers of the attacking force, the opening, continuance, and close of the bombardment, the capitulation of the enemy, and our own aggregate loss; but scarcely more of the real amount of destruction, desolation, carnage, suffering and misery of the interior of the unfortunate town, than if our bolts and bombs had bolstered against a mountain of rock.

On the 23d of March, 1847, at two o'clock in the afternoon, General Scott, being all prepared for offensive action, formally demanded the surrender of the town within the short space of two hours. The answer being a firm refusal, the deep stillness was broken as precisely four o'clock by the loud roar of cannon. A shell rose, and seemed to hover over the ill-fated city, and then, descending rapidly, burst in the Plaza de Armas, killing four men and wounding three. The carnage had begun—the horror of doom and no unutterable was at hand.

It is not our purpose to give a general description of the fight, but only of such of the scenes which followed as will serve to convey to the mind a shadowy picture of the awful whole. From the moments when the first shell bursts in the Plaza de Armas, at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 23d of March, for four days and four nights—horrid days and sleepless nights to the wretched inhabitants shut up in that beleaguered town—a storm of artillery, on sea and land, constantly belched forth its tongues of flame, made the whole earth for miles around tremble with its tremendous roar, and sent its thousands of destructive missiles into the very heart of the devoted City of the True Cross. Let us enter within the walls of that fated place, and look upon the work of the grim King of Terrors, as he rides triumphant upon the hurtling hell, the crashing bomb, and the fiery rocket.

Night draws on space, and darkness settles over the gloomy city. Fitful gleams and lurid reveal the active batteries, whose awful thunders shake the earth. The dark walls are now crowned with concavity, fiery lines, which show the course of the destructive bombs, and their fell crashes here and there, succeeded by human shrieks and groans, tell where they fall. The plaza is safe from these terrible agents of death—neither cannon nor mortar, public hall nor private dwelling.

In the surgical hospital of the Convent of Santo Domingo was a crowd of pale-faced, hollow-eyed persons, some writhing with pain, some gasping for breath, and some assembled on all earthly things. They had recently been brought in wounded—some mortally, some terribly—and for more were to attendance upon some, and welcome private upon others, and the surgeons and their assistants were busy with their fearful implements of torture. Near the centre of the room, a poor fellow was stretched upon a table, under the torture of amputation, and two men were holding him, and two holding lights, and the bloody snipped of the fifth was rapidly doing its work. Suddenly there was a cry and a crash, a terrific explosion, the lights were extinguished, and the apartment was filled with a shower of splinters and stone. Now shrieks and new groans arose, and terror reigned supreme. Another party from another apartment came rushing in with lights, and lo! the patient and the surgeon and one of the assistants were torn to pieces, and three other assistants, a priest and a nun, were stretched upon the floor, mangled and dying. A shell had fallen through the roof, and burst in their midst.

An officer in the refuse of life was bending over a pale, lovely woman, lying upon a bed in a darkened room. The incessant thunders of the encircling batteries shook her physical frame and filled her mind with terror.

"Oh, husband, my dear husband, will not leave me again?" she said.

"At least, my sweet Teresa, I will endeavor to be back soon."

"Oh, Bernardo, do not go! I feel that our next parting will be mad."

"My lover! my duty!" replied the agitated husband, pressing his lips most fondly to hers. "Oh, my wife and child, remember, the foreign invader is at our doors, and Mexico calls upon her every son to raise his arm in her defence! The Holy Virgin save us! Would to God we had lived in more peaceful times! But tell me, dearest—you are better, are you not?"

"I would be, my dear husband, if I could have quiet and peace; but this awful thunder of cannon and mortar, this whistling of screaming, wild cries I sometimes hear from the street, give me little or no rest. But tell me—what of the battle?"

"Alas, Teresa, I fear we have little to hope."

"Then why not surrender and end this carnage—this fearful destruction of life and property?"

"Never!" said the officer, drawing himself up with pride; "rather let us have a funeral pyre and all perish together!"

"Oh, if we must only die together, my dear Bernardo, it would be so sweet! Often and often I pray it may so be!"

"We will rather hope to live together yet awhile, my sweet Teresa. But I must go—one kiss more."

It was the last. While yet the lips of the devoted husband were pressed to those of the being he loved more all others on earth, there came a crash, and the head of the wife, there borne away by a cannon ball, leaving him unconscious. And when he recovered from his horror; and then, with a shriek, he rushed madly from his dwelling, shouting, "Vengeance, oh, God!" He was subsequently shot from his horse, and his mangled body, while he was in the act of conveying an order from his superior.

Two exciting incidents of the battle we shall now relate among the many which occurred during the bombardment. One was the fall of a public building beside them, and the three were crushed and buried under the ruins.

In the redoubt at Santiago, where a number of artillery men had been killed, and others exploded and blew up the magazine, killing every man except three, including officers.

Besides the disaster already mentioned as the Convent of Santo Domingo, there were numerous others on fire in different places; and while the poor and unhappy inhabitants were flying from the flames, the shells, which fell constantly among them, killed ten and wounded as many more.

A bomb came crashing through the roof of a church, killing seven men, and the priest and sexton of both sexes who were kneeling wounded.

In the female hospital, seventeen of the inmates were instantly killed by a shell, and also the explosion of a shell in their midst.

A young gentleman and lady, a niece, with a child in her breast, was struck on the head by a rebounding ball. The gentleman fell dead, while holding the poor little infant tightly clasped in her now grey arms.

A man, his wife and two children, who had taken refuge in a vault in his garden, were killed alive by a heavy missile so injuring the massive arch that the door that it was impossible for them to open it. They were afterward found dead, buried in each other's arms, smothered without a wound.

We read to Scripture of an awful day of wo, of which the sun was turned into blood, the moon to the mild, and one shall be taken and the other left." It was an awful day of judgment for the Cross. Husbands were killed in the presence of their wives—wives and children in the arms of their husbands. Parents were made childless in a single unmeasured moment, and children were suddenly left orphans. Dwellings were burned or rifled to ruins, and unburied corpses of men, lying in comfortable circumstances till now, were compelled to wander through the streets as miserable beggars.

And as the work of destruction went on, there some streets presented an awful sight. Here a building would come crashing down, perhaps killing or wounding some unfortunate passers, and totally blocking up the way; there the ragged fragments would be piled up in one another, would roar with fury, light up the heavens with a lurid glare, and communicate fire to all. Thousands were alarmed, of both sexes and all ages, and striking, piteous lamentations, mingling with the sinking thunders of the artillery, and the crashing of falling houses and crumbling buildings, completed a scene of confusion, horror and dismay, for which description can do justice.

Provisions were fast becoming scarce, and many were suffering from hunger. Most of the families had been deprived of their only stay and bread for any. Little children, whose fathers and mothers perished, were left to wander and mourn from one place to another, crying as if their little hearts would break, and even to beg begging for protection and food of all they met. Fathers, female females, of high and low degree, were seen bending under the weight and caresses of fathers, husbands and brothers, wringing their hands and loudly bewailing their fate, or vainly seeking some safe asylum, some place of refuge from the ever-falling missiles of fire. Here some bloody object would lay neglected, with a sensitive, and there a wife would lay bleeding, dying, and mourning from the loss of a dear one, or a wounded child would be crying for help. Litters were constantly moving through the streets, conveying the wounded to the hospitals, the wounded, some the dying, and some the dead who had suffered in the way. Officers were also going, carrying orders and bringing intelligence; and squads of soldiers and groups of citizens were hurrying from point to point. And still the thunders of destruction were sweeping on the air, and still the Castle and the Citadel, on the sea, and still Ulua, Santiago, San Jose, San Fernando, and the batteries opposite, on fire, and still the stubborn Commandante General was not to be overcome, and would not surrender.

Let the mind picture this terrible scene, continuing almost without interruption for four days and four nights, with the dwellings and houses burning, and part of the time with a fierce northern storm raging, and the thunders being everywhere mangled; with no repose for the ear, and no hope of escape, and no source that many felt the pangs of starvation; with no domestic comforts, and no exercise of peaceful friendship for any; old and young, male and female, rich and poor, all huddled in one common ruin; the dead untombed; the wife in many cases unprovided, and the wounded uncared for; property reduced to ashes, and leaving the smothered by death; with no future to cheer on, and no hope in that future; with a bloody chaos reigning around, and the roaring and crashing thunders as of a valued world; be the mind picture all this destruction, desolation, horror and human agony, with a thousand rare ideations and intricate details, and some feeble and faint idea may be formed of the bombardment of Vera Cruz.

At last, when human nature could bear no more, the signal was given for a cessation of hostilities, and every battery ceased as if by magic, and the stillness which ensued seemed in comparison like the stillness of death. Negotiations commenced between the opposing generals, capitulation followed, and the American army, with flaunting colors and colors flying, marched in with the proud step of conquerors; and soon the stars and stripes floated over the fortress and the flag of freedom, our own glorious star-spangled banner, was flung to the breeze. The inhabits assigned impregnable City of the True Cross had fallen—an ever-augurating army was within its walls.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 9.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Do you think, Mr. Bonner, that we like hand-some people more than homely ones? I do not mean to question your impartiality, but we are apt to become fascinated with grace and beauty, indeed, but whether nearly less age of fact upon our *feelings*, as distinguished from our taste?

It is all folly to pretend that we do not like beauty, that we are not at first attracted to personal appearance, and that in the ordinary course of life, to feel the discrepancy between the beautiful and the ugly, more in the case of handsome people? When we like with people, we them hour by hour, every day, under the play of their affections, the delicacy of sentiment, the tone of their gentle generous feelings, intelligences, their wish and power of pleasing others, by ways which take not their form good, we at length see their exterior in the light of their mind, showing, however at length look like what we think their disposition is. The principle of association is a most delightful counterfeiting power in this respect.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the Grecian quiz under the bust are actually reckoned to us 1,000 letters, and some of the answers we have had before us are not much shorter. Our correspondents will therefore see that we have not room for such lengthy answers. They are all accepted, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.

Mr. Bonner.—We have read the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica on Steam Navigation, referred to by you, and still adhere to the opinion we have in the discussion. Not that John Fitch was the first one who conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam, because that idea was both conceived and experimented upon more than two centuries before John Fitch was born. But Fitch was, most assuredly, the man who first successfully applied the power of steam to the purpose of a steamboat. The newspapers of Philadelphia published in the year 1787 the following notice: "The steamboat constructed on mechanical principles for the conveyance of passengers and commerce, boat from Jones to Southwark, will leave the above destination, dated 14th July, 1790, published in the Pennsylvania Packet, reads as follows: "The literature is now ready to this purpose, and is intended to set off from Arch street ferry, in Kensington, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown and Trenton, to return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Price for passengers, 6s. 6d. to Burlington and Bristol, 2s. 6d. to Bordentown, 5s. to Trenton." Similar advertisements appeared all the summer, and many paragraphs describing the construction and usages of the vessel. The steamboat made at least thirty-one trips, which amounted to 1200 miles, and carried about 1000 passengers. Fitch was the first man who ever succeeded in such an experiment as to make it pay, was that his business would not acknowledge any more money. With one-tith and liberal gentlem, he could have had successful steamboats on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers before the birth of Robert Fulton. It was all in his head; he only wanted a little money.

Reverend.—The long act short of your communication is that you have been serving in the capacity of boatboard at a meadow, but finding that to be rather a hard business, you have resigned your place, and are now looking out for a better one. You are a man of sense, if I am a young man just twenty-two, and for the last two years have been engaged in business for myself and much. It learns me at my work, and whenever I am engaged in it I do an irresistible power. "Genius, sense," it says; and accompanying it are bright visions of many thousand dollars. Now, what do you think of that, Reverend? It almost distracts me at times. I have tried to be an editor, and find that to be a duty any remedy for a person's mind, and that is to quit my trade and go into the printing business. Now, what do you think of that, Reverend, this sounds to be very much like sound business advice.

Ed.—Two facts are hard questions. No man knows it will ever know," the exact number of kinds of living insect animals that exist on the earth. Of the number of ants, which are beyond counting, naturalists compute the number of species at not less than 10,000. Its known varieties of sinful birds are said to be in the Berlin Museum, which is probably the most complete collection of every species of bird that has been discovered. Of the number of species of the butterfly, and of moths of kinds, of fish, of living shellfish, of which thirteen thousand species have been described, and of reptiles, and the rocking animals 1700. The most enormous class of animals is that of the insect, which is said to exceed in number of species all the rest of the animal world, about 120,000 varieties. So, you see, leaving out the insects, the number of species is not very large.

Jones.—The sentence, "They proceeded him with the loudest shouts of joy," is as well meaning in the United States, because here every one has an unexaminated right to the enjoyment of his own opinion, and is not even forcedly called "the freedom" of it; i. e., the right of thinking for himself, and not for others of his fellow-citizens. In Europe there is no such liberal distinction given by presidents; the most enlightened of the people are compelled to think as the most ignorant. One exception, however, was sometime created in a gold box.

Ed.—I just wrote to know if a woman can love the second time as well as she did the first, but *differently*? with more experience, and not so much "gush" as before.

Ed.—But we are inclined to think that all women are not alike in this respect, and that some love but once, in regard to other affairs. Besides, a great deal depends upon the manner of the first affection, and the manner in which it is reciprocated. If a woman's first love is given to a man who proves unworthy of her confidence, she will be likely to reject it; but otherwise, the second love will be as strong as the first.

Teacher.—The similarity of the Epistle to the Hebrews to the Epistle of James is not very great. The former is written in a style of much greater purity than the latter. The peculiar excellence of harmony is decidedly in favor of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the Epistle of James, the words and sentences known to be peculiarly those of St. Paul. The Epistle to the Hebrews is said to be the work of Barnabas, and others, is, that the name of St. Paul is not attached to it, and that, whoever the author was, he was of the apostle all how his name. In our translation, it is said that "the Epistle to the Hebrews" was "written by Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews," but this heading is not a part of the original text.

Ed.—Upon the literature of the United States, you are correct, "insignificant" that is, they are small compared with the great literature of the world. The number of twenty seven libraries that contain more than 150,000 volumes each, are those of the United States, and of that number, but only one has reached a million. But, then, if we take into account the number of books published in the United States, we shall find that the number of twenty-all of which are accessible to the public at a small expense, is not so small. Besides, the whole literature even of a thousand inhabitants that has not more kind of books.

T. L. P.—It is pretty safe to disbelieve rogue charges against people. There are large numbers of persons who have an interest, or think they have, in learning the faults of others, and who are always ready to do it. man belongs a specific accusation against another, it may be well to inquire into it; but, as a general rule, persons who are in the habit of making charges should not expect to be entertained. As a general rule, persons believe in the goodness of others, and it is well that they do so. So, to speak more correctly, people men are not as good as they are generally believed to be, and especially as they are not as bad as they are generally charged.

A Young Tree has had a falling out with a lady friend. It is a long story, and we have not room for it here, suffice it to say that the lady has left the city, and the young lady. One advises is, that you put your self in the lady's place, and write to her as you would a lady, and "*live happy ever after*," as the old story letters always do.

Advice.—You are a young man of station, in love with a young lady of equal station, and you wish to know if you can write to her without an introduction, and receive a gift of her photo. You are certainly under no obligations to write to her before you get an introduction, and well defer paying the matter with the lady you love, and you will be a fool if you do not write to her.

Reading.—How should a lady treat a young man who comes to see her to ride, and then leaves after he has tired, without any apology, and does not call again or write to her? Ans. Such a young man is a fool, and we think any lady need be told to refuse to see such a young man again, or to write to him, after that.

Lonesome.—The correspondent asks why the last two or three numbers of the Ledger contained no tales by Britain and Ellis and the United States. We have meditated on the question, and decided two weighty reasons why we obliged to confess that we can get no light on its subject. Perhaps you can throw some light on it.

Ed.—Is it "serious to know?" It's fully should not be here nor be in coming smile, or let him wilfully or let when he is coming. We believe the latter is usually the case, and we do not think it should long be kept waiting on such a point would be unnecessary.

Ed.—We have not of late seen a copy of the paper to which you refer. Reviews of all travelling agents and wholly subscriptions for any papers about which we know nothing.

E. C. S.—Whether or not a marriage ring should have the gentleman's fortitude on it, is a matter of taste; some have the initials of both parties, with the date of the engagement.

Impertinence.—The error was typographical. Confidence for admiration into West Point must have completed their studies at the age of twenty-two.

Ed.—Is some Knight of the Bath; E. G. Knight of the Garter; K. P. Knight of St. Patrick; K. T., Knight of the Thistle; K., Knight

Subscriber.—We do not see as you have any reason to wonder at "the cry for cotton," set up by the English. It is the most natural thing in the world. The peculiar soil known of Manchester are getting hungry, and the cry for cotton is the natural consequence of their need and desire to feed them. In default of the usual import of cotton from the United States, they prepare in process as much as possible of the great staple from Egypt, India, Jamaica and Australia, and to take measures for securing a permanent and sufficient supply from these countries. For this purpose the Jamaica cotton tree—which is literally a tree with leaves and not an annual plant—is to be cultivated assiduously in that island. It produces six crops annually, and yields from three to five years, while the yield in Australia, in about four hundred and fifty pounds per acre. But the main hope of the English is in Egypt and India. The Egyptian government has, we believe, always been very anxious to promote the industry of Egypt with the object of stimulating the growth of the native plant to that country. In their letter to the Pasha they recommend that the New Orleans variety of cotton be given to the people to cultivate, and we have the belief that under a proper system of cultivation, Lower Egypt can supply the world with *three millions of bales of cotton per year*. It seems in the highest degree probable that although the present inconvenience and distress will temporarily result from the non-exportation of the Southern cotton, the ultimate result will be to release the manufacturing world from its present dependence upon the cotton crop of our Southern States to the important commodity.

Ed.—The Mississippi River is deeply an important as well as a national one, and is justly called the "father of waters." A desirous battle, as the historical scene, is one of the most interesting spots on the river. It will have changed the site of a nation, or of the then known world. A Frenchman first discovered the banks of the river, but time did not change the site of the nation; we gained our independence nevertheless. It has been supposed that if we had lost the battle of Bunker Hill we would also have lost our independence, and consequently the battle of Saratoga is put down among the "fifteen decisive battles of the world." The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of June, 1775, and the defeat of the Britishers at Saratoga on the 17th of October, 1777.